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Addict

Artist—Dilip Dasgupta

AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR

(See Page 3)

Short Story

By M. M. Taqi

PARASRAM LANE—that was the name of the street in which I occupied the ground floor of a lean rectangular, yellow building of seven storeys. Its name was Azur Mansions.

The top commanded a view of nearly the whole of Bombay with the greyish green expanse of the sea lying beyond. Twenty-five years ago it had been a swanky residence for Parsi businessmen of the middle variety. Now it had fallen in fortune and housed a strange assortment of people in its fourteen flats. There was a pair of alleged film 'stars', heavily rouged, powdered and lipsticked. Often on Saturday nights they sang soulful songs to the few admirers who visited them.

There was a man called the 'doctor.' He was dark and short and thickset. He trimmed his moustache and dressed his sparse hair gluing it down on one side of his forehead in the style of the German Fuehrer. He had some kinds of pills and powders always ready in small bottles neatly arranged in a little almirah. But people said that he was a dope-seller, the pills and powder being only camouflage.

Krishna Dass, the salesman of a newly formed electric equipment company, lived on the third floor. He was black as sin, but undaunted by this handicap he dressed in the height of fashion. In the steaming heat of a Bombay April he went to office in a fine woollen suit of dark brown with a soft felt hat kept askew on his small head. "It is a sort of air-conditioning system for the body" he explained to me once in an intellectual tone. "There is a lot of sweat, then the air enters. It cools the body and dries up the perspiration, again the perspiration appears and is dried up leaving the body cool and fresh." 'How does the air enter?' I asked innocently. "Oh, through the sleeves etc.' he said. The 'doctor' always took an uncharitable view of the air-conditioning system. 'He wants to save the laundry expenses he told me confidentially. After this he used to wink at me in a conspiratorial manner whenever he saw the prim salesman passing. It made me very uncomfortable because Krishna Dass was friendly to me in his own way.

> "You see," he said with great deliberation, "I was not living here alone. My wife has been here all along. She died this evening at six."
>
> "Your wife died..." I nearly shouted the words. He raised his hands warningly, "but you have been living here alone. If you had a wife why didn't she come out? Why did you keep it a secret?"
>
> A series of horrible thoughts flashed through my mind. Was there really a mistress? Had he murdered her?

away or even kidnapped from Bombay itself, otherwise why this secrecy? He held that some day it would all end in a police raid and in arrest and disgrace.

Krishna Dass speculated on a higher plane. He said that the man was either a spy, or a political fugitive of the violent sort. He might have a transmitting set hidden in his room, or he might be making bombs or maybe bullets.

The complete mystery with which he had surrounded himself increased my interest in him every day till it became a passion, an agony of curiosity. I tried to study his face carefully as he came out of the lift or entered it. I sought every opportunity of worming my way into his confidence by giving him friendly and deferential looks. I tried to meet him face to face in the streets and then to salute him with friendly respectfulness. But he showed no signs of thawing. Slowly I too began to feel myself turning against him for I had considered myself worthy of his friendship. I was altogether different from the sordid crowd that

his gold cigarette case. It was after I had lighted my cigarette that he spoke.

"I will tell you the whole story," he said calmly. "I am the eldest son of....." Here he mentioned a name that staggered me. Beyond this I will give no indication of the tremendous personality that the name represented for it might be easy to trace it. "As a boy of eighteen" he continued, "I went to Europe to study painting. It was in Paris that I first met my wife. She was the most beautiful girl that I had ever seen. When I say this I do not speak as her lover or her husband, but as an artist who has made the search of beautiful faces and figures his life work. She was also extremely gifted as a painter.

I do not know if you have ever loved a girl but you can surely understand it when I say that I loved her a thousand times more than my life. You know what it means to oppose the will of a person like my father. Who does not know his ways? But in spite of his utmost effort to prevent our marriage, we got married. I had inherited enough money from my mother to last me several generations. We lived happily for a little more than three years in various countries—Argentine, Syria, Palestine. Then my wife decided to come back to India to settle here for the rest of our lives. We took a nice little house in a small state in Rajputana. We set up our little studio and began to work with great earnestness. Before I leave, I will show you some of her pictures and mine.

One day in winter I had gone out with a friend to see the ruins of an ancient palace ten miles away. I returned after nearly four hours and saw to my horror that smoke was rising in a great black mass from the roof of my wife's room. A crowd had collected outside the room and every one was trying to extinguish the flames which enveloped every thing in the room; books, papers carpets, door—even the bed on which my wife slept. She was obviously unconscious, for she neither shouted nor came out. I took a blanket from someone, wrapped it round the upper part of my body rushed in.

"I groped in the bed but she was not there. I began to grope all over the room with my feet and found her lying huddled over a large suitcase in which we kept our old and early sketches, water colours, drawings and other odds and ends. Perhaps she was attempting to remove it when she was suffocated by the smoke and fainted. The suitcase was now burning and the acrid smell of burning leather filled the room. I picked her up and brought her out. Her clothes had all burnt out and were smouldering. Her face was not recognisable. Her hair had been completely scorched, the legs had been charred to the very bones. I brought her to Bombay in a plane.

Her legs and one arm were amputated. Her face was disfigured for ever as the right cheek and part of the lips had been burnt. Yet she lived. She was discharged from the hospital two years ago. Her one desire was that no one, not even I should see her unnecessarily. While she lived till this evening I fed her and attended to her needs with my eyes averted from her. She hardly spoke to me after the accident. Her heart and kidneys had been damaged by the accident and I knew she could not last long. She died today but I have fully respected her wishes. No one has set eyes upon her since her discharge from the hospital.

A few days before her death she asked me not to burn her. She had had too much of burning. She wanted to be immersed in the sea. It is for this that I asked your help. It must be done secretly, for discovery probably means an examination of her body. I couldn't trust any body else here. Will you help me put her in the car below immediately the lift stops. I have strapped her to a stretcher. The car is standing very close to the entrance door so that it will hardly take one second to put her in. Then you will please help with the last rites."

Every one, even the revellers were sleeping as we placed the stretcher inside the huge station wagon that waited at the main door of the building. The street was empty except for the leper who slept on the opposite side walk. He drove the car to a place I did not know inspite of knowledge of Bombay and its suburbs. The car stopped only about thirty yards from the sea. Several days ago he had bought two beautiful rowing boats and move them at this spot. The body curiously small due to the amputation of legs had been securely strapped to the stretcher. We placed the stretcher in one of the boats and tied it securely to the hooks which had been provided in the boat for this purpose. He had obviously left nothing to chance. I took the other boat and rowed far out into the sea following him closely. A pale moon was shedding its dim light on the great expanse of the sea making the little waves shimmer and dance for miles all round us.

Far away when the shore had merged into the darkness we brought the boats side by side and stopped the oars. We allowed to rock and drift with the waves. In the dim light I could see the beautiful profile of my new friend—with his chin resting on his palm, the breeze playing with his fine soft hair. I looked forward to some expression of feeling, tears, maddening grief, last tender words spoken to the beautiful girl who had been his companion, who had gone to the ends of the earth with him. But there he sat, silent, lost in thought, but not stricken with grief.

At last with a sigh he rose. I was wondering how the boat could be made to sink but he had planned this strange cremation with the greatest thoroughness. He stooped and began to unscrew a cap at the bottom of the boat which must have been specially fitted for this purpose.

Soon water began to fill the boat silently. He jumped lightly into my boat and watched the slowly sinking

THE THING THAT HATH BEEN!

On the fifth floor both flats were occupied by an insurance man who had an enormous wife and a team of nine children led by a wicked fourteen year old boy. They were Punjabis and had discovered my U. P. origin by my language. This afforded the children no end of amusement. In the afternoons the eight children who could run about collected a score of street urchins and raised hell on the terrace in front of my rooms. It was a hateful group and I was violently repelled by all of them—most of all by that barge of woman, the wife of the insurance agent, who was always eating melons and dropping the seeds and the messy seeds on to my terrace.

The only person who attracted me in this vast pigeon-house was the young tenant of the top floor. He was quite alone, without even a servant to look after his needs. His food arrived in a large tiffin carrier from one of those quiet clean looking establishments where you find a small sign-board announcing "OUTDOOR MEALS SUPPLIED." It must have been an expensive establishment for the food arrived punctually and in a new motor-van. The lanky youth who brought it wore a snow-white tunic with bright brass buttons.

The young man on the top floor spoke to no one. Nobody ever came to see him and the doors and windows of his rooms were always closed. Every day at twelve o'clock and at six in the evening I saw him getting out of the lift. He was very tall and extraordinarily handsome with his calm dark brown eyes and fine, almost womanlike eyebrows. He often wore a blue knitted shirt open at the neck. It went very well with his fair complexion and light brown hair, so rare among Indians He never seemed to notice anybody and it was plain that any attempt to pick up an acquaintance with him was bound to be repulsed.

Except the menials working in the building no one seemed to have a good word to say about him. Krishna Dass the salesman had once paid him a visit. The interview had ended on the doorstep as the queer young man said plainly that he did not want to be rude but he really couldn't see any one. Had he some particular business with him?

After this no one had dared to seek an acquaintance with him, but a silent hostility had grown up against him in the hearts of most of the inmates of Azur Mansions. The 'doctor' always ready to attribute unworthy motives to every one went about saying openly that the young man kept a mistress in his rooms. She must have been enticed Azur mansions. There was so much common between him and me. We belonged to the same class although I admit I was not rich or even comfortably off. Both he and I kept aloof from other inmates of Azur mansions—then, I read a great deal and even wrote for the press sometimes. I was in short as serious minded a person as he was, although I was not so damnably mysterious.

So I grew sullen and no longer attempted to run into him on the streets. Even when I came across him accidentally I walked on looking over his head and beyond with a supercilious air. I began to harbour evil thought about him. I even thought of writing an anonymous letter to the Police Commissioner advising him to get a search of his rooms carried out immediately. But this unhappy state of affairs was not to last long.

One night about 12 o'clock I sat making a list of difficult words in a little text book for children that I had compiled for a publisher. I always left the door open till I went to bed in order to avoid getting up every time someone wanted to come in. As I sat making my inventory of these verbal gems, my solitary young man walked in and stood hesitating near the table. My heart gave one great leap and then nearly stood still. I was too confused to say anything for a good few seconds .Then I managed to rise and exhibited the usual smile. "Please be seated", I stammered, as I shook his hand. I was thrown completely off my balance and noticed only after a considerable time that he was extremely perturbed.

His face was drawn and pale and dark circles had appeared under his eyes. He sat down on the edge of his chair and cleared his throat." "You must excuse me for bursting in upon you like this" he said in a voice which struggled bravely to conceal the pain and the trouble that he was suffering. I kept silent but a wave of sympathy swept over me and I could see that he sensed it. "I am in great trouble," he said, "and I want help from you." "Certainly," I said confusedly, "I will do anything I can. In what way can I help you?" "Will you come to my room upstairs?" I rose without speaking for a great excitement had been raging through me all this while As the lift ascended, I wondered what mystery was going to be unfolded to me. Was he after all some kind of a criminal? Will he ask me to conceal something, take something away from his room, send a secret message.

He had a modestly furnished, almost a bare drawing room. There was the usual sofa suite, a centre table and several shelves full of books. He sat down beside me on the settee and offered me a cigarette from

"We can let the boat drift", he said as we reached the shore. "It is no earthly use to me now." Saying this he pushed the boat violently back into the water.

We reached Azur mansions at dawn. He gripped my hand as we reached the lift. "What can I say to you except that we will meet more freely now and know each other better."

We met again after three days although I know that he remained in his flat without leaving it for a moment. He came unhesitatingly into my room on the morning of the fourth day. He was smoking a cigarette and looking wonderfully cool in a soft silk shirt and white sharkskin trousers. He did not seem to have a care in the world. He came and sat down on the edge of my bed as if he had been doing that every morning for years.

"You would never know what it means to live as a confirmed misanthrope for two whole years when all this while you wanted to be friendly to people to exchange jokes with them to get drunk in their company and throw things at them", he said cheerfully, placing a pillow on his knees and resting his elbows on it.

"Then it was not from inner feeling that you behaved as you did after that terrible calamity?" I asked.

"No," he said "I was stunned by it and went about in a dazed condition for as long as my wife lay in the hospital. When she was declared out of immediate danger and her bandages were removed and I saw her, I went cold all over and the coldness remained. She had become a different being altogether. By no effort of the imagination could I see anything of the girl I had loved in this poor maimed creature. Perhaps she saw the change that had come over me in my eyes. That is why she did not want me or any one else to see her, to know that she existed. She really died the day she was burnt. This was only her cremation."

I was appalled at this man's callousness. To have loved a girl like this and then to grow cold towards her when she lost her beauty, when probably she needed that love more than at any other time, was it human? Yet he was so charming so friendly so truthful? Perhaps he was right. Perhaps her soul had been charred with her body, perhaps she had ceased to be the girl he had loved.

"Will you marry again?" I asked bluntly.

"Perhaps, who knows?" he said smiling and his eyes grew dark and moist and bright. I ventured another question. "Is there a girl?"

"There has always been" he said and was gone.

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More than 300 years ago the cry "Town Meeting Tonight!" summoned America's early colonists to their local meeting houses to thrash out community problems in democratic, open discussion.

Today the same cry summons from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 Americans to their radios every week for "America's Town Meeting Of The Air," a free-for-all debate on current national and international questions.

"America's Town Meeting Of The Air" is one of a group of radio forums, broadcast by coast-to-coast radio networks as concrete expressions of America's freedom of speech and opinion, that hear all sides of questions of national interest. Like the colonial town meetings, the forums are frank and free exchanges of ideas where everyone has his own say and listens to the other person's; unlike the old meetings, the proceedings do not end with a vote. Purpose of the forums, usually no more than one hour long, is not to exhaust the subject but to stimulate public study and discussion for a well-informed, thoughtful electorate.

Forum topics, chosen by each program's directors for timeliness, public interest and controversial nature, deal with proposed legislation, domestic and foreign policy, coming and past events and are now mainly concerned with post-war affairs. Recent programmes have debated "Should War Plants Be Sold To Private Industry," "Should A President's Term Be Limited To Eight Years," "What To Do With Germany," "Should We Join A World Organization Which May Require Us to Fight To Enforce Its Decisions," "What Are The Campaign Issues In The Coming Election," "How Can We Simplify Taxes."

Spontaneous Expression

Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet members, newspaper publishers and columnists, jurists, educators, economists and other public figures take part in radio forums with three to six opposing speakers, recognized authorities on the evening's topic, on each programme. Keynote of the forums is the unrehearsed, spontaneous expression of ideas. Although speakers usually begin with prepared statements, they spend most of their time in extemporaneous debate while a moderator keeps order.

The forums are not government-censored but programme directors read the speeches in advance, whenever possible, to check their length and make sure they do not violate security regulations.

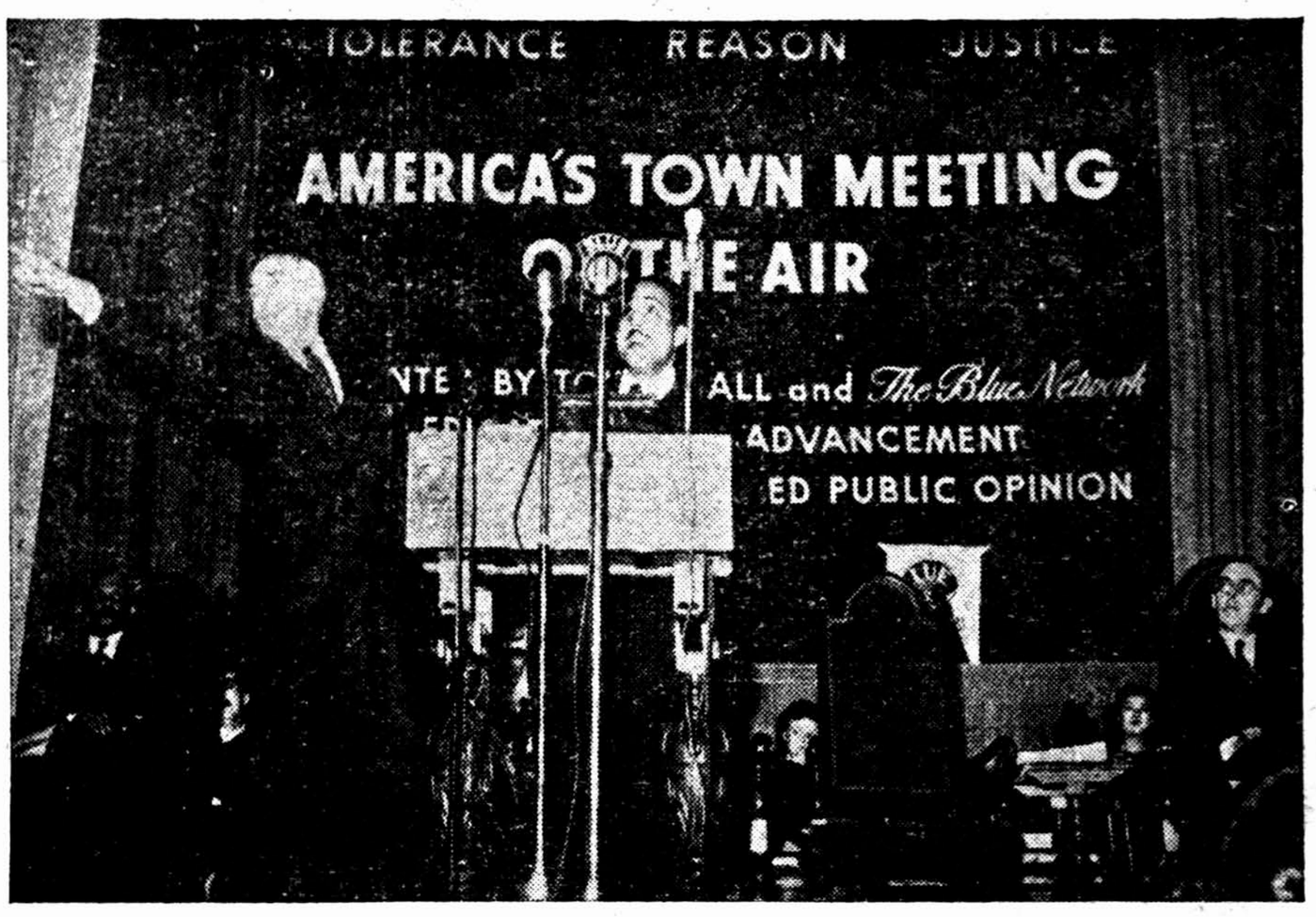
One of the oldest of the radio forums is the "American Forum Of The Air," founded in 1927 by its director and moderator, Theodore Granik, an attorney. The programme's original purpose of clarifying controversial legal questions through discussion has been broadened and its schedule now includes all kinds of current topics. Broadcast from Washington, the programme is heard every Tuesday evening by about 5,000,000 listeners in 150 to 175 American cities and witnessed by studio audiences of 500 to 2,000.

Popular Broadcasts

The first 15 of the programme's 45 minutes are given over to the speaker's prepared statements, the rest to active discussion among the speakers. The moderator, who never takes sides in the argument, asks questions to bring out vital points while the speakers challenge and refute each other. Debates may continue after the programme goes off the air and are sometimes witty, frequently heated and always earnest.

Most colourful of the radio forums is usually "America's Town Meeting Of The Air," with the general public, represented each week by studio audiences of 1,200 to 3,000, taking as active a part as the speakers. Like the "American Forum Of The Air," "Town Meeting" speakers begin with short, prepared statements but instead of answering questions by their fellow speakers and the moderator, they face questioning and sometimes outright heckling from studio audiences. The programme is broadcast from New York City for six months and from other American cities the rest of the year.

Tickets to "Town Meeting" broadcasts are supplied free on request but an effort is made, when possible, to give different opinions equal audience representation for a balanced exchange of ideas. Barring personal insults, irrelevancies, prolonged hissing or cheering, audience members may say anything they like during question periods and frequently do. Proceedings are kept in order by the "Town Meeting" originator and moderator, George V. Denny Jr., president of Town Hall Incorporated, an adult educational league which manages the programme.



George V Denny Jr., originator and moderator of "America's Town Meeting of the Air", looks over the 3,000 letters which usually flow in after each broadcast from some of the program's 5,000,000 listeners. The number of letters increases when the listening public is particularly excited about an evening's topic. One broadcast drew almost 25,000 letters.

Security Measures

"The most important thing I have learned is that Americans want to play fair, no matter how much they disagree with each other," Denny said. "When we are likely to have a particularly lively discussion I appeal to the studio audience to preserve orderly and intelligent discussion. Rarely is the appeal disregarded."

To guard against the possibility of signalling by any enemy agents through coded questions during "Town Meeting" broadcasts, audience members submit questions in writing and receive colored recognition cards if their questions are approved. Only audience members holding recognition cards are given the floor during the question period and all questions must be read before an assistant moderator. This procedure conforms with the Federal Communications Commission wartime security policies. If a speaker or questioner should use improper language, the programme is immediately switched off the air by its engineer.

On the air for an hour every Thursday evening since 1935, "Town Meeting is now broadcast by 176 stations coast-to-coast and in Canada and Hawaii. The weekly "Town Meeting Bulletin," giving the text of the previous programme and suggested readings for the next, is sent to several thousands people by request. Before the war, the programme had more than 1,400 organized listening groups meeting throughout the country in homes, halls, schools, churches and even penitentiaries.

Flood Of Mail

After listening to the speakers and audience, radio forum listeners have their say in the flood of mail that follows each programme and in telephone calls while the programmes are still on the air. On both the "American Forum Of The Air" and "America's Town Meeting Of The Air," the volume of mail varies with public interest in the weekly topic and today programmes on post-war planning and the coming Presidential election draw the largest response. "Town Meeting" averages 2,000 to 3,000 letters a week, the "American Forum" 3,000. Largest mail on both programmes followed broadcasts on the same topic, Quebec, when the "American Forum" received 18,000 letters and the "Town Meeting" almost 25,000.

On the "American Forum Of The Air," the moderator and speakers contribute their services without pay and the radio time is donated by the Mutual Network which also pays incidental expenses. Time for "America's Town Meeting Of The Air" was formerly donated by the Blue Network but is now purchased for advertising purposes by a national magazine which has promised not to interfere with the content of the programme.

(Left) The general public, represented by members of a large studio audience, takes an active part in the Air Meeting. When opposing speakers nationally recognized as experts on the evening's question, finish explaining their views, audience members question, challenge and sometimes heckle the speakers.

The Untouchables'

CRY FOR WATER

By "A. MAHAR"

When I stopped, the man gave me a folded paper to read. It was a telegram purporting to come from Vita, District Satara. It ran:—

"Putala struck by Patil. Come immediately with friends", Peru.

I read and translated the telegram. The woman told the man accompanying her:—

"So, Putala is struck by the Patil", she sobbed and said to me. "Putala is just of this boy's age. She must have drawn water and she is assaulted. This zoolum goes on." I said, "Have you untouchables no well for your own use?" She said "No, but this is the village-brook". I said "Why don't you complain to the Mamlatdar" She said "Sahib, we have to live in the same village."

LETTER TO BOMBAY CHRONICLE.

This is just one man's experience over a single incident in a single village. Humanity is murdered in our midst every minute and the world hardly cares, *knows* even, what's happening to human beings who are forced to drink filthy, disease-carrying water—*and spread disastrous epidemics in whole districts.*

Some of us who are supposed to be educated and well-established in life are still haunted by the childhood's memory of scorching, long roads that never led to water. Some of us had formed the procession of men, women and children wandering from door to door begging for a sip of water. Wells had gone dry in town and village miles around and the good people who were fortunate enough to possess wells that could still quench human thirst had not had a drink for *us*. We had grown accustomed to refusals and rebuffs, abuse and harshness. Some would shout at our sight and chase us away.

Nobody would think of regarding all this as anything other than what was proper—even today this is the actual state of affairs. Despite the acts and words of heroic militancy of a handful of Mahar 'leaders' *who have profitably invested in the misery of their people*, the mass of our people remains as helpless as ever. Strange as it may sound, *the bulk of our people do not suffer from any consciousness of injustice and humiliation in their degrading and degraded condition.* There is no revolt amongst them because they accept their fate as inevitable and with the spirit that is typical of the earth's meek and mild. They are the millions of this country not all of whom are untouchables. India's peasantry in the villages where mass-poverty exists exhibits the same trait. We are just a fringe of this depressed population and our economic and social salvation is therefore bound up with theirs.

The universal conditions of water scarcity or bad water supply in districts like Satara where wells and nallahs dry up in the summer months hit us comparatively harder. This is due also not on account of the hard-heartedness and cruelty of individuals and classes of 'touchable' Hindus but the entire *system* of our socio-economic existence. It must be properly investigated if any effective remedy is to be found.

One Man Against Hundreds

When I read the letter in the *Chronicle* I recollected the notorious Palskheda incident—so typical of the thousands that are taking place in the remotest corners of the province. Palskheda is a village in Satara district and years ago there stood a well in a field where the untouchables used to draw water without interference till, one day, the Patil of the village, who owned the land where the well stood, discovered that he was neglecting and allowing his land to run waste.

One day, he ordered the untouchables who obtained their supply of drinking water from the well not to use it. *They had been using the well for fifty years and more and they were forced to obtain their drinking water from a place situated at a distance of 4 miles.* There was naturally panic and consternation amongst us. The legal position and the stand taken by the Patil were dubious. Appeals were addressed to Government. Important district officers paid a visit to the place and the dispute continued. But in the end the Patil won and the *mabap sarkar* upheld his property right as against the 50 years' usage ordinarily sacred in law. It meant terrible hardship for hundreds of helpless human beings, their sanitation and health. The Government could have acquired the land under the law for reasons to public utility—and public money could not have been better spent if they had done it—but it was not done. We have hundreds of Palskhedas in every district.

Some of us who are nearer the realities of actual existence of our people and are not prepared to 'sell' them for material profit for the individual can watch only with alarm the dangerous situation that is developing out of the use the 'emancipated' and the upstarts amongst us are making of the cause of the depressed classes. *They are using their own people as lepers use their sores to excite pity and make profit out of the scourge.* Some of the more brazen-faced are even admitting that any social progress of the untouchables would end in their being classified from the status of 'backward' to that of other 'intermediate' classes. The figures of educational spread amongst the depressed classes in our possession easily prove this. There is in fact a tendency amongst the depressed class 'leaders', who have made the misery of their people pay in the form of preferential treatment in jobs and positions of profit in the Indian politics, to maintain *status quo.*

This tendency is expressed also in allowing the problems of the depressed classes to remain unsolved. The system of patronage in the political life under the British Government encourages and exploits this. The socalled 'educated' amongst us are caring less and less every day about their interests as a class and more and more about joining the group that could offer jobs. Amongst the common people, there is no initiative thanks to their demoralization of centuries and their voice is never heard.

Masses As Depressed Classes

We must, then, approach the problem of water supply for the untouchables in this perspective. I must make myself perfectly clear that that problem concerns not only a single class but the mass of village population. But this single class is definitely worse off on account of amongst others the reasons I have indicated in this little article. As everywhere else, in the scramble for water 'Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost' is operative here also. But very few people realize that in condemning the local *mahar-wada* and other pariahs to fend for themselves they are inviting disaster for themselves. This takes the form of poetic irony:—*the untouchables who are refused any access to clean water supply have necessarily to drink impure water. The untouchables, when that happens, become avengers and in dying themselves of the different epidemic and virulent diseases like cholera bring death.*

The British health experts who are talking oftener than ever before on the role of bad water supply in the spread of destructive epidemics that still survive in this country are openly admitting it. Water supply is strategic for national health and sanitation. Yet the experts who speak even on the BBC so mournfully in the name of 'Foundations of Freedom' are not pointing out that nothing really effective is being done to improve existing conditions.

The post-war plans at present are not only utopian but, in the uncertainty and confused motives of different groups sponsoring the plans, highly suspect. Supply of clean water does not pay big dividends to industrial enterprise or finance. *It does pay dividends in the form of improved health of the country's population, human happiness and immunity from disease.* But the Government prefers agricultural tractors and bunding methods for returned war heroes to their supply of pure water. *In this country first things always come last.* Dr. Ambedkar who is expected to know how his people live is talking not of wells for water supply for his own people but power—hydro-electric power! His power-politics has transported him from the *maharwada* where he should spiritually belong to the ambitious plans of British manufacturers and exporters of capital goods and machinery.

Water—Crux Of Problem

So far as the issue of the untouchables being subjected to a position of inferiority and inequality is concerned, it is not a question of the local official's benevolence or "Diktat." *It is a question of the administration's total policy.* No village Patil—who is technically an inferior village servant—or mahalkari, mamlatdar or any other police or revenue officer dare oppress or countenance oppression of our people if the Government of Bombay formulated a liberal policy of social equality and human justice. ***No public servant dare for a moment defy the law if he were conscious of the consequences. The Palskheda and other incidents show us that the men at the top of the administration, in disputes involving the poor and helpless, always side with the rich and influential.***

For years we have been petitioning Government about village water supply and yet the scandalous conditions of water famine in Satara and other districts have continued from year to year. Nothing is being done about it—nothing can be done unless the public conscience is roused. We demand no charity or patronage or pity. *We demand what is ours—the right of existence as human beings.* We have a right to demand a drink of clean water for our miserable people. *We do not want the bribe of a few posts in the Government offices while our people live in such shocking conditions of want and extreme degradation.*

NEARING TOKYO!

General Douglas MacArthur, wearing the five-star insignia of a General of the Armies, confers with officers at Camiling, Luzon Island. This is a typical snap!

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The Artist Is

NOT SUFFICIENT UNTO HIMSELF!

By KAMALADEVI

Kamaladevi is known at present as a political fighter and a feminist. But her first love was art and she made her debut on the stage as well as the screen. Now she has evidently mellowed into a critic and writes about the social value of art and the significance of the artist in society.

Art in ancient society was a social expression.

It expressed not the mood or the idiosyncracy of an individual but rather the social consciousness of the community. Art was not a luxury, an exclusive commodity on sale to become the sole possession of the highest bidder, but the normal everyday detail of life.

The artist was not an alien being looked upon as a freak, living outside the pale of the common herd, employing a strange language and flaunting a mode of living in deliberate defiance of the normal social code and pattern as artists so often like doing these days. The artist of those days was a fellow being, for the entire community lived in close touch with the beauty which became woven into the social structures, the humblest hut, the commonest article, the tiniest detail, all of which were elaborated with loving care. In fact every man and woman was an artist in his or her own way, and each created out of the joy of giving form to the dreams and inspiration.

The woman's cleft fingers as she drew designs in white or coloured powder in her yard, the dishes she cooked, the flowers she strung, expressed the innate creative genius. Every craftsman was an artist, every cloth he wove, every image he chiselled every piece of pottery he moulded, was a perfection of colourful harmony and rythmic balance. A wealth of detail went into the making of the most mundane and insignificant of articles, be it a churner, a rolling pin or a kitchen mat. Art meant loveliness of form, balance and proportion pervading every single detail around.

One lived, breathed and fed upon art, for art was an essential part of life, more a necessity like bread and love and home. Moreover all the arts rubbed shoulders and formed a common fraternity. Their greatness lay in a simple and loving expression of a common humanity and its life. Big works of art, such as public buildings, places of worship, ornamental objects for beautifying the city, were a communal responsibility in the execution of which it participated and co-operated, making each a community expression.

At no time had art become so isolated and therefore shorn of its real vitality as in recent decades, especially with the advent of modern industrialisation. Gradually the isolation spread. Paintings moved away from public walls, statues from monaments and places of public worship, to be transformed into individual portraits and figures of private patrons who now secured for exclusive use what was for centuries public property. Slowly and inevitably public buildings and monuments lost touch with art and became only loud symbols of wealth.

The new society had no taste and little of community consciousness, for it symbolised individual success, the man who had won the race in commercial competition leaving the others behind, perhaps rudely pushing them back and even trampling on them. Competitive society has little time or mind for aesthetic pursuits. Today where art objects and their patronage has become a mark of wealth, usually, experts are hired to deal with them. For they too are an investment, which represent wealth that escapes state taxes. It is rarely and more by accident that money goes hand in hand with love of beauty.

It was but natural that this degradation of art should lead to the banishment of the artist from the common man, to make of the natural instinct an exclusive freak that troubled the instincts of a few here and there, and who were henceforth to be outside the high fence of "responsibility" to dwell there on those cadgey fringes as tolerated untouchables, misunderstood, for ever suspect, despised, and worst of all, mostly ignored.

"The history of Art in the 19th Century", writes Roger Fay, "is the history of a band of heroic Ishmaelites, with no secure place in the social system, with nothing to support them in the unequal struggle, but the dim sense of a new idea, the idea of the freedom of art from all trammels and tyrannies .....".

Art cannot live by the artist working for another for the sake of patronage. Art expression is free when it seeks to find its own natural channels, and the artist works under the pressure of his creative urge. It is only in this way that art can serve humanity, for thus alone can it fulfil its function. It is when such natural expression is thwarted that artists to record their protest against a blind society and age, indulge in drink, freakish clothes, daring unconventionality and the like. They are but pitiful devices the artists weave in their solitude, regulated to the outer margins of life. One of the greatest services of the Mexican revolution to the painters was to break through the vicious circle of private patronage.

Art can only have meaning and influence where it is vitally linked to the normal currents of social life of the period and it is able to assume a clearly defined collective function. Otherwise it remains outside of the social hum and web. The existing gap can only be bridged by restoring beauty to its central pivotal place, by which it transforms the common threads of daily existence and the mundane details of ordinary life, into currents of rhythm and beauty. One sees today attempts to "Bring, art to the common man", and indulging in loose phrases like "Proletarian art" which once again injects into a community possession, the sectarian virus and starts another process of poisoning. It merely betrays a mind incapable of action free from a sectarian political bias.

Art is the appeal to the instinct of communion, the indivisible unity of mankind. We recognise each other with a growing awareness of our oneness by the echoes beauty awakens in us. "Intuition is only a flame spurting forth at the point of contact of an infinity of previous analysis and of accumulated reasoning .... There is no hero of art who is not at the same time a hero of knowledge and of the human heart." So says Elie Faure, the French poet and art critic. Art enables man to penetrate deeper than science. Within the heart of the artist are the earth, the vast spaces, all that lives and moves, even the tissues of the stone, which to the naked eyes seem inert.

How much more truly and intensely he must feel the emotions the passions, the joys and hopes, the despairs and sorrows, of those made in his own image. **The artist is not sufficient unto himself—if he believes that, he is not an artist.** The very language an artist employs is universal. It overleaps all narrow boundaries and divisions. Art enables man to penetrate into the very core of the nature of man, and pierce the social structure. Thus can man see himself and the entire social fabric, even as a woodland mirrored in a clear surface of water, when all the intricacies of foliage are disentangled and finely posed.

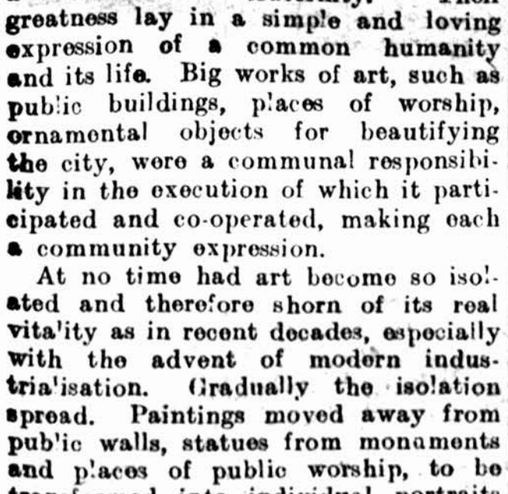
He who wants to create cannot do so unless he feels within himself all the flow and pattern of the social life, be consumed by the fires burning in the hearts of all men, those who have passed beyond and those yet to draw their breath, be able to capture abstract ideals and raise them to the plane of laws which determine the everyday relationship of man to man. It is this quality alone which makes art living life, and a perfect whole. For each fragment of the work, however humble in itself because it is adapted to the entire whole, extends itself as though in silent echoes and invisible strands, throughout the depth and breadth, to weave the complete pattern. The work which is *one*, lives even in the least of its fragments.

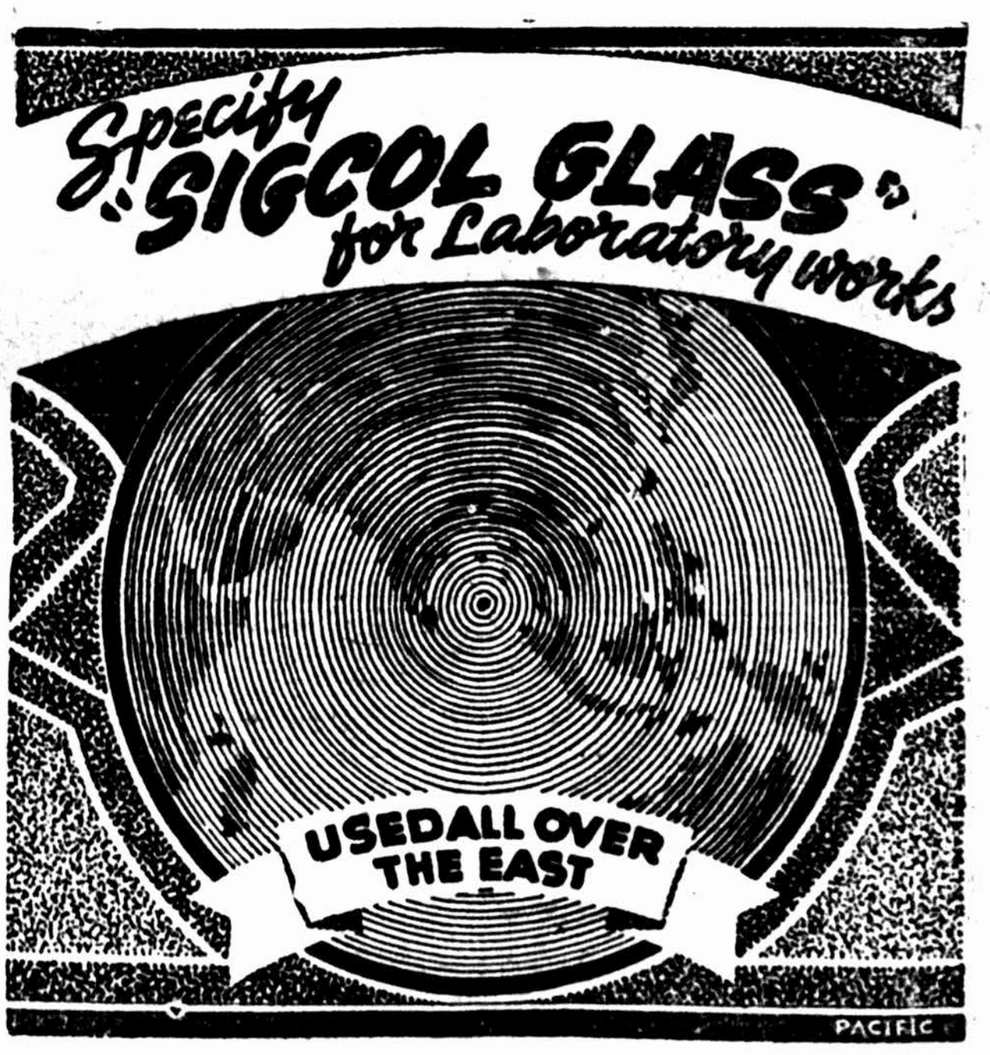
If art is to give expression to each particular age, it must break loose from the frontiers of a bygone age and shake off the limitations of the old imaginative and mental make-up. For instance, it is time machine ceased to be regarded merely in terms of rigid geometrical contours, generator of murky air and smoke, static without passion and came to be assimilated as easily and simply and as profoundly as the landscape below and the firmament above, mastered and made to live as heroically and movingly as the ancient tales of historical narratives.

Machines have today become extensions of man's limbs. They portrait the power man has come to establish over the forces of nature, of beauty, rhythm, music, colour. The radio is only an amplification of the man's lungs. To frown on the plane and sing on the creaking country cart is not even poetic justice. It is obstinate unrealism. The plough was as out-landish an innovation once as the tractor is today. To ignore man's inexhaustible genius for forging new implements is to ignore the very laws of social change and no true artist can afford to do that. "An artist produces more as a biological function" says Rivera Diego, the great Mexican Artist, "just as a tree produces flowers and fruit nor mourns their loss each year, knowing that the next season it shall blossom and bear fruit again."

Art should express not merely what is but also what might be, not the diluted average but the concentrated aspiration, not the sheer discouraging reality of today but much more the transforming possibility of tomorrow. All aspects of art expression must embrace and portray vitally the ambition, hopes and struggles of humanity, must universalise figures to make them symbols of vast vision and action, give them that broad human significance which must fully rouse and rally the community's interest.

Art must be like a free large building where men and women can congregate and feel their communal oneness, the large physical and social unity. It must be public in its function, and though joined to the existing social structure yet be prepared for the most sweeping social changes that overtake humanity from time to time.





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HITLER'S HIDEAWAY

Tucked away down in one of the most picturesque and beautiful parts of southern Bavaria is a six-mile stretch of countryside which, according to recent reports, has now become the Reich's most heavily fortified and closely guarded area. It is the area surrounding Adolf Hitler's country house, the Berghof in Berchtesgaden, to which he has been wont to refer bashfully as his little mountain bungalow writes Harry Vosser in "The New York Times Magazine."

In reality it is less a bungalow than a large and wealthy modernized country mansion, and in this same area is Hitler's fantastic "Eagle's Nest"—a pavilion perched high on a sheer rock which rises abruptly out of a hill-side. The "nest" contains a reception room, a kitchen and a glassed-in balcony from which Hitler may look out over the mountains into his native Austria.

Impregnable Area

The entire area between Berchtesgaden and the hamlets of Hallturm and Gmain has been cleared of its civil population, mainly farmers and peasants, and the personal bodyguards of the Fuehrer have been billeted in their cottages and bungalows. Their officers live in the hotels of this famous corner of Germany, once the favourite haunt of thousands of Germans who spent their holidays wandering through its leafy glades before war and Hitler came to help destroy its beauties.

Nothing has been spared in an effort o make the area impregnable. Russian t and Polish prisoners of war, under the supervision of one of the leaders of the famous Todt organization, have blasted the natural caves of the Untersberg, a mile away from the Berghof, converting them into a fortress.

These caves are accessible in only two ways. You enter either from the flat top of the mountain—and to reach that a helicopter would have to be used—or from an entrance blasted half way up a sheer drop of rock 3,000 feet in height and leading to a small rock platform.

The "Eagle's Nest" itself is reached by a road with innumerable hairpin bends, about nine miles long, hewn out of the mountain rock. The road ends at the entrance to a tunnel which is closed by heavy double bronze doors. At the end of the tunnel is a spacious lift, the walls of which are covered with sheets of copper. It ascends some 350 feet to the Fuehrer's eyrie.

In the Untersberg caves huge stores of food, water, tools, arms and ammunition have been accumulated. The caves have also been fitted with air-conditioned living quarters for about sixty people. Under the Berghof itself a bomb and gas proof air-raid shelter has been constructed, connecting with all the surrounding office buildings of administration by underground corridors. The leaders of Germany have left nothing to chance.

Further Precaution

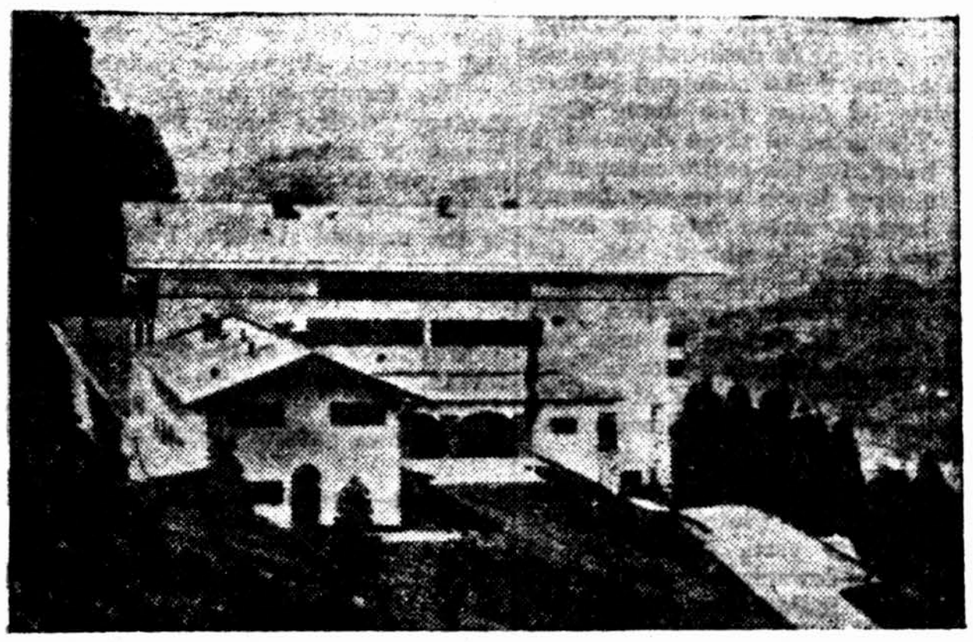
On another mountain chain opposite the Untersberg, called the Lattenge-birge, anti-aircraft guns have been mounted, and the small secondary railway which connected Bad Reichenhall with Berchtesgaden and Lake Koenigsee is now closed to all civilians. The trains that run are manned by SS guards chosen among the Fuehrer's most trusted men, and the only passengers carried by the railway are officials on duty at the Berghof.

In Salzburg, on the eastern side of the forbidden area, and in Bad Reichenhall, on the western side, the Gestapo have taken further precautions. Specially picked men watch these approaches to the Fuehrer's place of retirement.

Every traveller arriving at either of the stations is thoroughly questioned as to the purpose of the visit, and ordered back by the next train if the visit appears not to be essential. Even diplomats are not allowed to visit Hitler in his retreat. They are met by Joachim von Ribbentrop, whose Foreign Office annex is just opposite the Berghof. He receives visitors on state business halfway down to Salzburg in a specially built "conference bungalow."

As a further precautionary measure the entire district, to a depth of fifteen miles and twenty-one miles in length, is mined, and can be blown up by the pressure of a finger on a button. It is said that this fateful button is on the desk of Himmler's underground office, just under the rocky ground of the Fuehrer's bungalow.

Adolf's Last Lair!



The Berghof in Berchtesgaden

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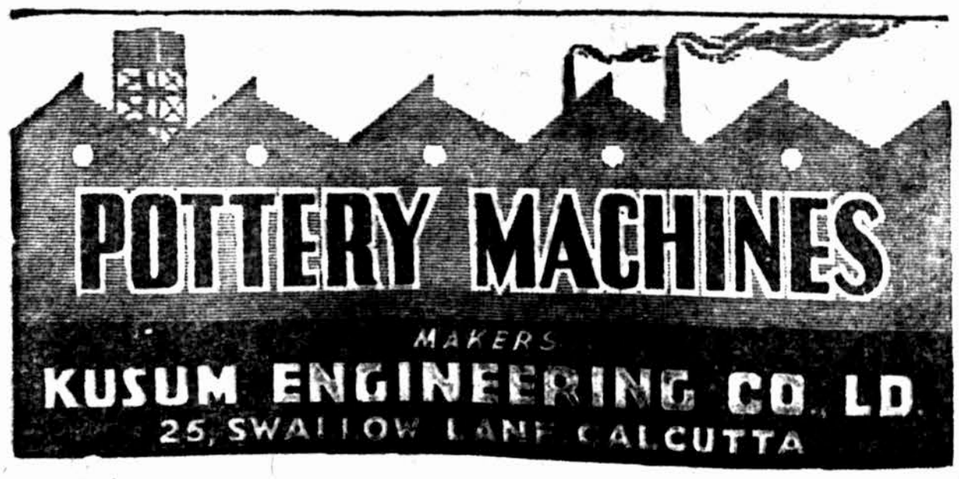

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Release Politicals To End Deadlock

Americans Enter Coblenz

Allies Amassing Armies On Northern Rhine Front

S.H.A.E.F., March 17 (Reuter).—American Third Army troops entered Coblenz today.

The German News Agency today reported that General Patton is attacking on a broad front with 40 divisions, 15 of them armoured.

General Patch's 7th Army offensive is continuing virtually unchecked and crowding the Germans into their Siegfried Line positions. The Germans are apparently pulling back along the entire front.

Field Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters: Reuter's Correspondent reports that intensive patrolling across the Rhine has flared up along the entire Ninth United States Army front in the last 24 hours.

The Germans are desperately seeking information along the northern Rhine front where the great build up of the Allied armies continues. The situation of the German armies on this front is becoming increasingly precarious as their communications are pounded to pieces behind them and the Americans in the south Debouch on to the main Cologne Autobahn from the Remagen bridgehead.

The Allied bridgehead across the Rhine is now 13 miles long and seven miles deep, says today's 'communique' from General Eisenhower's Headquarters

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NO HOPE FOR CHIMUR AND ASHTI CONDEMNED

NAGPUR, March 17. (U. P. I.)

In connection with a New Delhi message regarding mercy petitions sought to be addressed to His Majesty the King Emperor, the "United Press" reliably understands that certain mercy petitions from Chimur and Ashti prisoners addressed to His Majesty have been withheld by the Provincial Government under rules governing transmission of such petitions. Their mercy petitions have already been rejected by the Governor-General and appeal to his Majesty does not lie

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BRITAIN & ITALIAN ARMISTICE

Pearson's Sensational Allegation

NEW YORK, Friday.

Columnist Drew Pearson in a syndicated column to-day alleged that the British have been secretly financing a separatist movement in Sicily.

Mr. Pearson also alleges that under Italian armistice, the British have been secretly given Pantelleria and Lampedusa.

Reuter adds that "too ridiculous to merit denial" was the reaction to the allegations among British and American officials in London.—Reuter.

ROOSEVELT WANTS TO KNOW!

WASHINGTON, March 17. President Roosevelt at a press conference declared he did not know what has been holding up the publication of Italian Armistice terms.—Reuter.

PHILLIPS RESIGNS INDIA JOB

WASHINGTON, March 17. Reuter.) The White House announced that Mr. William Phillips has resigned as the President's Personal Representative with the Indian Government with the personal rank of Ambassador.

The Presidential Secretary, Mr. Jonathan Daniels, said Mr. Phillips's resignation was due to the illness of his wife. He will continue to work with the State Department "in connection with important matters in relation to the Department and Foreign Service".

Mr. George Merrill was recently appointed to replace Mr. Phillips in India with the rank of Minister

EIGHT PERSONS KILLED IN KHARGPUR GALE

KHARGPUR, March 15

Eight persons were killed and many other injured when a gale said to be the strongest within living memory, accompanied by heavy rain and hail swept over Khargpur for about 30 minutes on March 12

Heavy damage was caused to property. A number of huts were blown down and telegraph wires were snapped.—A.P.

Liberal Federation Chief's Tip To Govt.

Independent India Will Be Asset In War Against Japan

T. R. V. SASTRIAR COMMENDS DUMBARTON OAKS FORMULA

LAHORE, March 17.

The demand for an immediate declaration by the British Government granting the status of a dominion to India was made by Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar presiding over the Silver Jubilee Session of National Liberal Federation which opened in Lahore to-day.

Mr. Sastriar urged the release of political prisoners and Congress detenus, including the members of the Congress Working Committee, for a solution of the Indian Deadlock.

DECLARE INDIA A DOMINION

The President said: "The Government must declare immediately that India shall have the status of a dominion at the end of the war. Her millions have fought in the battlefield for the cause of the United Nations. The Cripps offer contained that Declaration and the answers of Sir Stafford Cripps to the questions put to him made clear that the status of India shall be the same as that of the other dominions, and that India shall have the same right either to remain within the Commonwealth or to go out of it.

"That Declaration must be made forthwith and implemented so far as may be by the British Government. While they are devising measures for the reconstruction of Italy, Poland and Greece, they can have no legitimate excuse for postponing the freedom of India.

"WHOLLY UNJUSTIFIED"

"I should say that the Governor-General should have released the political prisoners and the Congress detenus long ago. During times of war, the Government may have to be clothed with extraordinary powers in the interests of public security. The liberty of the individual may have to be curtailed but that very concession means that it is only so long as the public security demands detention, it can be justified. As soon as it is reasonably clear that public security no longer demands their detention, the detenus ought to be released. Neither the public peace nor the safety of the State any longer requires the detention of these prisoners; and the continuance of their detention is wholly unjustified. They should be immediately released.

PAKISTAN. NO SOLUTION

Mr. Sastriar dealt at length with the problem of minorities and said: "Pakistan is no solution" for the problem of the minorities. The creation of separate sovereign states does not really get rid of the minority problem altogether. There will be a large proportion of non-Muslims in the Muslim areas so separated and comparatively a small proportion of Muslims in the Hindu areas. Definite and satisfactory safeguards for the non-Muslims in the Muslim areas are offered.

If such an offer is just and fair to minorities of over 40 per cent in those provinces, would it be impossible to devise safeguards for the protection of the essential cultural features of all groups including the Muslims within a United India?

OAKS FORMULA COMMENDED

The President suggested adoption of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference formula for resolving the Indian deadlock. He said: "If the Muslims, the Congress and the Hindu Mahasabha and the other parties in the country are unable to agree upon any satisfactory solution, the recommendations of the Sapru Committee will, I hope, further the basis for a constitution for a United India.

As already stated, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru has strongly urged that the integrity of India should not be broken. Subject to that one condition, ample safeguards might be provided for protecting the culture, religion and language of the Muslims. The Government in power cannot divest themselves legitimately of their responsibility of finding a peaceful solution.

Sir Muhammad Zafrullah Khan made a valuable suggestion when he said that if within one year after the war, the political parties in India do not arrive at an agreed solution, the British Government must devise a machinery for resolving the present deadlock themselves.

"In the recent Dumbarton Oaks Conference, a formula was evolved for the solution of international conflicts by negotiation, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement or other peaceful means to be chosen by the parties to the conflict. Failing that, the conflict will be referred to the Security Council. Though this formula deals only with international conflict, its principle may be applied for resolving the Indian deadlock."

PLIGHT OF INDIAN OVERSEAS

Mr. Sastriar referred to the plight of Indians overseas. He said: "The plight of Indians in the Colonies and especially in South Africa deserve our active sympathy and help.

It is a tragic irony that while the U.S.A. is willing to admit Indians on a quota system and give them rights of citizenship, South Africa should deny that right to the Indians settled there. The Government of India should take such steps as might be necessary to protect them and the British Government should see to it that this grave injustice is remedied and further embitterment averted."

"IMPERIALISM MUST GO"

Mr. Sastriar concluded: "There will be no peace so long as Imperialism lasts.

As for Britain's attitude to the future of India, words promise but action denies. Words uttered in adversity are forgotten on the turn of the wheel of fortune. Conduct seems to reinforce the assertion 'what we have we hold.' But some leaders of thought in England have deplored this attitude and have urged the need for giving independence to India. An Independent India will be an asset even in the present war against Japan.

"Everything plainly indicates the need for unity and united effort of all parties in India. None but the wilfully blind can fail to see it."—A.P.I.

INDUSTRIALISTS TO PROTEST

(From Our Correspondent.)

AHMEDABAD, March 17.

A Government circular on mills and factory owners indicates that no increase in the number of looms and spindles will be allowed.

The mills can replace old machinery but cannot start new projects. Great sensation prevails in industrialist circles and it is understood, industrialists in states also will line up to protest against the circular

Nine Bulgarian Generals Sentenced To Death

SOFIA March 16 (U.P.A.)—Nine generals including former Chiefs of Staff Trifonovt and Lucash and twenty officers in the lower ranks of the army were sentenced to death yesterday by the Fourth Division of the Peoples' Court.

They were accused of pro-German policies, murder of partisans and the sending of troops to Yugoslavia and Greece.

Life sentences were given to two generals and 23 officers of lower ranks while 28 others were acquitted.

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LATEST COMMERCIAL

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NEW YORK, March 17

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Today's Opening	.....	21.75
Difference	.....	+.03
Today's Closing	.....	21.79
Difference	.....	+.07

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Singh Answers Churchill

British Empire Held Not By Ties Of Love!

NEW YORK, March 17 (A.P.A.):—Mr. J. J. Singh, President of the India League in America, took issue with Prime Minister Churchill's Conservative Party Speech, and said:

"Only a man like Mr. Churchill could have the audacity to suggest that the British Empire is based on 'freedom for all states and nation within the circle of the Crown!'

"Four hundred million human beings, in India need their freedom India which is the brightest jewel of the British Crown, is held in the fold of the Empire not by ties of affection or comradeship but by bayonets of British soldiers .... Whom does Mr. Churchill think he is fooling?"

Mr. Singh said that the Prime Minister knows that the United States will raise the question of Colonial empires at the forthcoming San Francisco conference, "and so he is already bucking against any such move .... The world has begun to realize that such imperialistic aims would hasten world war number three. Therefore, I believe the United States should insist on discussing the question of subjugation of countries like India at San Francisco."

Polish Govt. Split Healed

Socialist Minister Withdraws Resignation

LONDON, March 17 (Reuter).—The split in the Polish Government in London has been temporarily healed with the withdrawal by M. Jan Kwapinski, Socialist Minister of Commerce, of his resignation.

The ostensible reason for the resignation was the action of General Anders, New Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Forces, in dismissing three Polish generals which official Polish quarters have attributed to personal differences.

Four members of the Polish Socialist Executive have resigned after finding themselves unable to influence the policy of the Socialist Party supporting the Arciszewski Government.

SOVIET MARCH ON HITLER'S HIDE-OUT

LONDON, March 17. Front line despatches to-night state that Marshal Tolbukhin has taken offensive in south-western Hungary—towards eastern approaches to the Nazis' Alpine fortress in mountains around Berchtesgaden.

Third Ukrainian Army troops are attacking on a broad front in the Hungarian-Corridor between Lake Balaton and the Danube, where the German High Command have lost hundreds of their Panzers in the last few days.

So far Moscow has not confirmed this new offensive, but a Reuter cable from the Soviet capital to-day states that Hitler's exhausted Panzer armies are now threatened by a Soviet counter-blow.

Five hundred miles to the north the Red Army is fighting a great battle of annihilation in East Prussia and at Danzig and Stettin where German strong points are being smashed with concentrated artillery fire.—Reuter.

STETTIN TO HOLD OUT FOR MONTH

STOCKHOLM, March 17. The Germans in Stettin hope to "hold out a month more but the prospects of doing so are small", according to the Danish traveller.—A. P. A.

JAP MINISTER IN MOSCOW RECALLED

LONDON, March 17. (A. P. A.): Japanese diplomats in Moscow and Bulgaria are being recalled, the Tokyo radio announced to-day, without stating any reason for their return.

The broadcast said only that Naotaka Sato—the Japanese Minister—left Moscow on March 14 and that the Japanese Minister to Sofia and nine others left Bulgaria at the same time.

The Russo-Japanese neutrality pact extends until April 24 when it will become automatically renewed unless it is renounced before that date by either party.

EDINBURGH, March 17. The installation of Marquis of Linlithgow as Chancellor of Edinburgh University will take place in Edinburgh next month.—Reuter.

HITLER PREPARES HIS LAST REDOUBT!

A WEEK OF WAR By N. G. Jog

MARCH, 16.

With barely three hundred miles separating the Western Front from the Eastern, the war in Europe has become one integrated whole.

One no longer talks of far-flung battlefronts with the Allied armies fighting independently of each other and each devising its own strategy. Now the Allied and Soviet General Staffs have necessarily to consult and collaborate with each other. They have to time and execute their own moves as supplementary to each other. The Anglo-American and Red Air Forces now launch simultaneous attacks as they did last Wednesday on Austria, Hungary and Yugoslavia.

For the first time one can follow the war against the Nazis by reference to a single fair-sized map. One can watch Hitler's fortress shrinking perceptibly before our eyes as the giant nutcracker tightens its grip on the Third Reich. One can witness the Wehrmacht's futile effort to switch its forces from one threatened sector to another and to utilise the seeming lull on one front to stabilise the other. Rundstedt and Guderian are now in the same fast-sinking boat!

Nazi Hopes Of Lull

It is significant that Marshal Zhukov resumed his offensive on the central front immediately the Allies established a bridgehead over the Rhine. He succeeded in capturing Kustrin, the German hedgehog on the Oder, with his very first blow but no dramatic developments have taken place since then. Though tension is mounting on the main Berlin front as also on Marshal Konlev's front on the road to Dresden, the centre of activity seems to have shifted to East Prussia, where the encircled German armies are being cut in small pockets before being finally liquidated.

The Red Army is concentrating on its flanks for the presentt, while Zhukov and Konlev are building up for the decisive blow. Spring thaw has already begun with the Oder rising rapidly. The Germans doubtless hope that the present pause develops into a long lull, as they feverishly buttress their indented defences in order to be able to withstand the Russian onslaught on what they call their battlefront of destiny.

This seems to be the explanation of the suicidal resistance of the trapped German garrisons in East Prussia and the Baltic and the amazing local offensive on the southern front. The Wehrmacht is paying very heavily for this strategy as the German pockets of resistance are remorselessly pinched out. Koenigsberg, Danzig, Gdynia, Kolberg—all are doomed now. Their futile defence has only purchased a few days respite for the capital of the Reich.

While the last round is thus being fought on the extreme north of the Russian front, the southern front is rising to a cresendo of fury. Furious fighting is taking place on either side of the Danube, a hundred miles east of Vienna, with Marshal Tollbukhin's forces holding the German onslaught west of Budapest and Marshal Malinovsky's columns driving into Slovakia. The Germans are attacking again and again east and north-east of Lake Balaton, in spite of the heavy toll that is being taken of their Panzers.

Method In Madness

At first sight all this bitter and furious fighting and fruitless sacrifices seem to be sheer madness. The Germans have lost the war and even Hitler and his henchmen realise it too well. Why, then, prolong the agony of the people? The Nazi leaders are no doubt annihilationists —particularly because the future has only a hangman's rope for them. But are they bent upon staging a national suicide? Or do they still hope to escape the fate that is facing them?

They apparently do and their madness has a method in it. Rumours reports from Germany testify to the fact that the Nazis are confident of continuing their resistance and conducting an unending warfare against the Allies from their inner stronghold. Moravia and Bohemia in Czechoslovakia, Bavaria in Germany proper and Austria are mentioned as the probable areas, where the Nazis have decided to hold out, even after Berlin has fallen and the Allied and Russian armies have joined hands somewhere in the centre of the Reich.

Considerable movement and activity is noticeable from the forest of Thuringa to the Austrian Alps. Bavaria, is to be the centre of final resistance, and it is to be covered by a ring of armies fanned out in Saxony, Western Czechoslovakia, Austria and Western Hungary. The defence line will thus run through Leipzig, Prague and Vienna to North Italy.

Vast supplies, essential factories and the most reliable foreign workers are being concentrated in this area in preparation for a long drawn-out struggle. The Hitler Youth Movement is said to be helping in building fortifications and anti-aircraft defences are being greatly increased in numbers. The borders of this area are to be defended by the Reichsewehr, while the Waffen. S. S. and Party organisations are kept in the interior.

The "National Redoubt"

This will be the last, innermost, hard core of Nazi resistance, the cast-iron Nazi fortress which is being called the "National Redoubt." Though the Fuehrer has been again and again disillusioned about the invincibility of his fortresses, he still believes that he will be able to hold out even after everything else in Germany has collapsed. Vast stores and arms with the latest and most deadly secret weapons are being accumulated and even the elite divisions saved for the last battle of destiny.

The fierce tempo of fighting on the southern front is, in a sense, the prelude to that battle. The Nazi High Command is desperately trying to keep the south-east gate shut against Alexander. Tito, Petrov, Malinovsky and Tolbukhin. It is even launching offensives in the Lake Balaton sector, so as to keep the Red Army tied up as long as possible and as far away from Vienna as possible. True, the capital of Austria lies out of the boundaries of the "National Redoubt", but the presence of the Red Army on Austrian soil will strengthen the hands of the underground movement there and imperil Nazi resistance.

It is even hinted that the Nazis are planning a full-blooded counter-offensive against the Red Army on the pattern of the ill-fated onslaught of Rundstedt on the Ardennes sector last December. The scene for a planned attack would be the same starting point as that from which the original attack was launched against Poland on September 1, 1939. While the Nazis are perfectly capable of hatching such wild-goose strategy, one fails to see how it can succeed at all. Apart from the dwindling strength of the German army and its crippling loss of war potential, there is not the least likelihood of catching the Red Army napping. The very fact that the Soviet High Command is patiently clearing its flanks before launching the drive on Berlin shows that it is alive to all such possibilities.

Allies Move Cautiously

The Allies, too, are proceeding cautiously about their business. Not only have they not rushed to exploit the Remagen bridgehead by fanning out, but even the building-up is proceeding slowly and methodically. The apparent ease and success with which they crossed the Rhine over the Ludendorff bridge had all the smell of a trap and Eisenhower is probing his way cautiously.

Apart from this, the bridgehead itself is in a far from ideal sector. The way east there is extremely difficult and runs through a belt of low but craggy hills. The natural flow of movement is north or south along the river and this the Germans, aided by the country, are in some position to block. The bridgehead is therefore being fully strengthened and built-up before it serves as the spring board for the Allied offensive. At present it is eleven miles long and five miles deep and it is being gradually extended

Eisenhower seems to be anxious to clear the entire western bank of the Rhine, before committing himself to ambitious operations on the western side. On Thursday the American Seventh Army struck on a fifty mile front of the southern side of the last German salient. The Third Army also is also assaulting this area from the north. The Germans, however, still feel that their greatest menace will come from

Montgomery and they have blown up more dykes north of Nijmegen to add to the defences.

There are indications, however, that the Germans are moving eastward away from the Ruhr and away from the scene of the expected battles immediately east of the Rhine. Considerable movement is taking place under cover of flak. It is likely, however, that reinforcements are being rushed towards the Remagen bridgehead in order to meet the Allied threat, first, to the Cologne-Frankfurt "Autobahn" and, subsequently, to the entire Ruhr.

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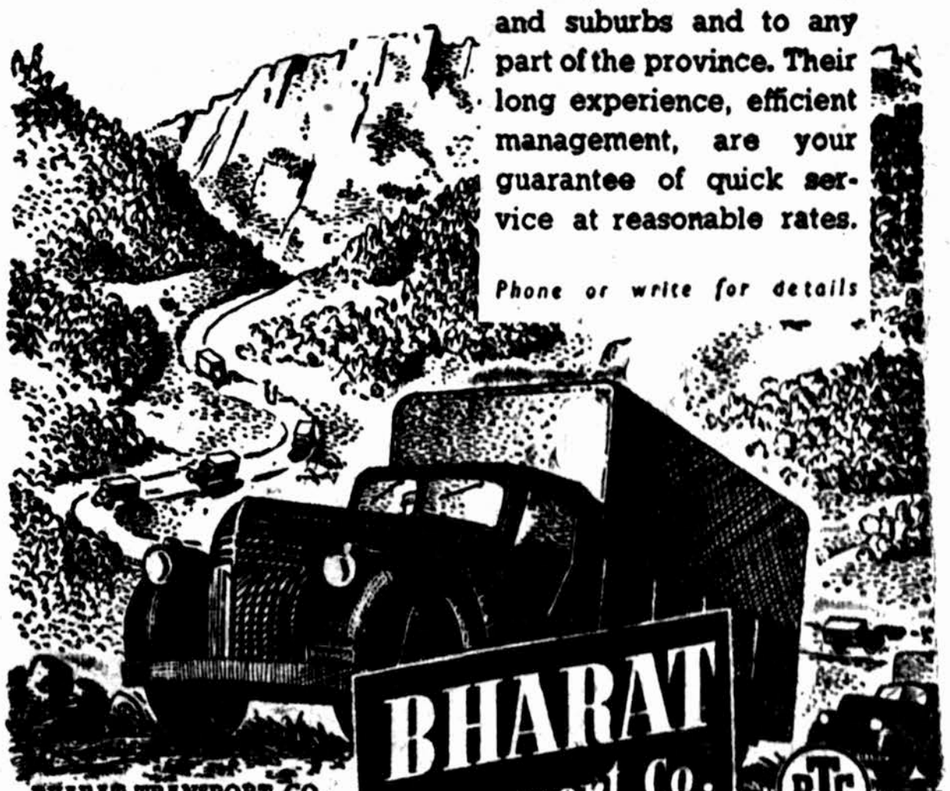

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CITY AND SUBURBS

To-day

Hindu : Chaitra Shud 5, 2001
Muslim: Rabi-ul-Akher 3, 1364
Parsi : Meher 16, 1314
Sunrise : 7-40 a m. Sunset 7-49 p m.
Hightide : 3-33 16-20
Lowtide : 9-48, 22-12

To-day's Engagements

DIVINE SERVICE at the Prarthana Samaj by Dr B C Ghosh today (Sunday) at 5-30 p m.

HINDU STUDENTS FEDERATION: The General Meeting of the Members of the Provincial Hindu Students Federation will be held today at 3 p m at 239, Girgaum Road, Girgaum.

GOWD SARASWAT BRAHMIN SABHA: Address to be presented to Pandit B L Shanbhogue at 4-30 p m (N S T) today at Sabha's Office, Matunga.

KERALEEYA SAMAJ AYURVEDIC DISPENSARY: The opening ceremony of the Bombay Keraleeya Samaj Ayurvedic Dispensary will be held today at 6 p m at the Samaj premises 81, Hindu Colony Dadar, by Mr M Y Nurie, Ex-Minister Bombay Government.

TARDEO VYAYAM SHALA: Annual General Meeting today at 4 p m at the Institutes Place.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS: of Shtavax Chavda will be opened by Mr. Karl Khandalawala at the Princess Room, Taj Mahal Hotel today (Sunday) at 5-30 p m.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN: Shri Goswami Ganeshdattji, President, All-India Hindi Sahitya Sammelan will deliver a lecture in Hindi on 'Rashtra Bhasha' at the Bhavan's premises at Harvey Road, today (Sunday) at 6 p m Shri Munshiji will preside.

GOAN YOUTH LEAGUE: A meeting of the members of the Goan Youth League at the Marratha High School (near Opera House Tram Terminus) today (Sunday) at 11 a m. The President of the League will speak on "The work before the Goan Youth League."

ARYA SAMAJ: A public meeting at Arya Samaj Vithalbhai Patel Road, (Girgaon) today (Sunday) at 7-30 p m. when Shri Pandit, Vijayshankerji will deliver public lecture on Creator and Creation.

INDIAN CONCERT: Indian Concert at King's Circle Garden, Matunga today (Sunday) from 6-30 to 8-30 p m (S T) by Mr S D Khatu.

BAND (ORCHESTRA) MUSIC at Esplanade Bandstand, Cooperage today (Sunday) from 6-45 to 8-45 p m (S T) by the Athless Orchestra Jazz Band.

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"NO DOMINATION BY COMMUNISTS"

A.-I. S. F. Secretary's Call To Students For Joint Action For Constructive Work

BOMBAY, March 17.

Satyapal Dang, General Secretary of the All-India Students' Federation, has issued the following statement to the Press.

The A.I.S.F. has studied with care the statement released to the press by Sjt. S. N. Agarwal on 13-3-45.

The A.I.S.F. shares his anxiety to unite the ranks of the students and welcomes his call that students' organisations should together do constructive work to serve the country. We hope that this call for joint work will receive a warm response from the leaders of the parallel students' organisations.

The A.I.S.F. gave a similar call in its last conference at Calcutta (28th February 44) to all students and student organisations to jointly take up every form of constructive work that helps our people.

The A.I.S.F. further invited students' organisations for joint action on all other commonly agreed aims such as the campaign for the release of the leaders, for the academic and civil liberties of students etc., together with friendly discussions on all controversial issues as steps to forge all round students' unity.

BASELESS

However, Sjt. Agarwal's charge that the A.I.S.F. is dominated by Communists and that its platform is used to popularise the 'people's war' slogan is completely baseless.

In conclusion, we reiterate our hope that the call for joint action will be responded to by the leaders of the parallel students' organisations especially the leaders of the All-India Students' Congress.—A. P.

TO-DAY ON RADIO

SUNDAY, MARCH 18.

BOMBAY—1.

244 m. (1,231 kc/s)—8-0 a.m. News (H). 8-15 News (E). 8-30 Music from Film. 8-50 News (M). 9-0 News (G). 9-10 To-morrow. 9-15 Mohammad Khan (Sitar). 9-45 Vinayakrao Patvardhan 11-0 AIR Orchestra. 11-10 Literary Court Martial. 11-40 Musical Interlude. 11-45 Andhalyachi Shyala.

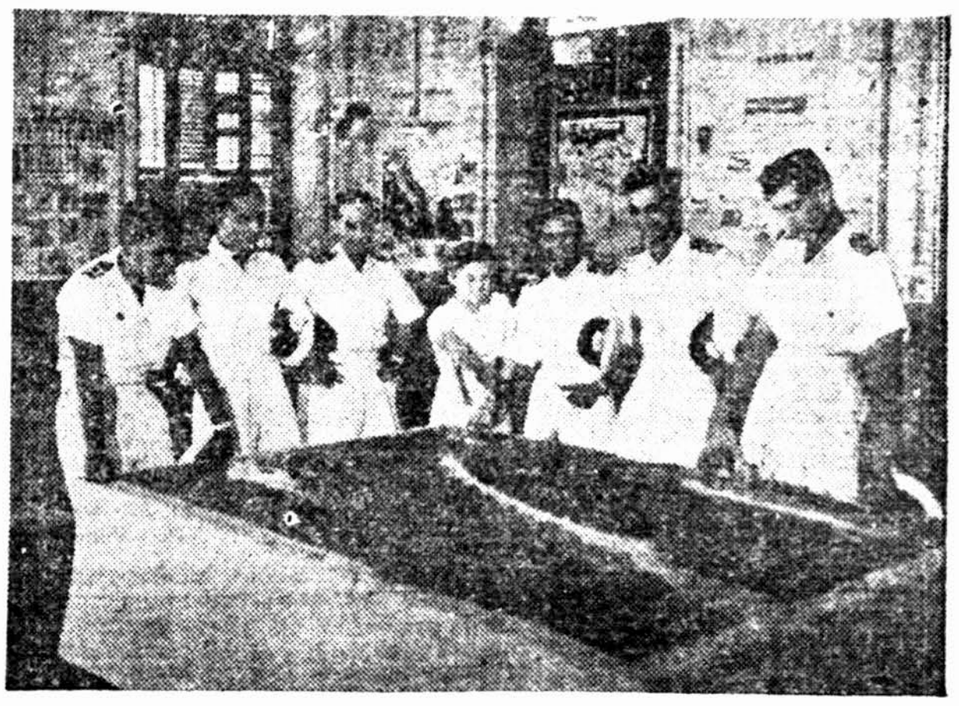
12-45 p.m. News (M). 12-50 News (G). 12-55 News (H). 1-0 Nisar Husain (Baroda). 1-30 News (E). 1-40 Music. 5-0 Filmi Sitaren. 5-55 About The Burma Campaign. 6-0 Gokulibai Kakodkar. 6-30 News (E). 6-40 News (H). 6-45 Rafique Ghaznavi (Vocal). 7-15 Instr. Quartet. 7-30 Lalita Venkatraman. 7-45 Vijaya W. Desai. 8-15 News (M). 8-30 News (G). 8-45 Mohammad Khan (Sitar). 9-0 News (H). 9-20 News (E). 9-30 B. B. C. News. 9-45 Chinese Tapestry (E). 10-0 Planets

BOMBAY TAMIL SANGHAM: 'Thirukkural' Classes will be held today (Sunday) at 11-30 a m at the Premier School Premises, Telang Road Matunga.

HINDI SAHITYA SAMMELAN: General Election today Sunday at 4-0 p m.

Public Lecture on "Our National Language" by Shri. Goswami Ganesh Dattaji, President, All-India Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, today in Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 33-35, Harvey Road, Bombay 7, at 6-0 p m Mr K M Munshi will preside

RAJADHYAKSHA FOREIGN EDUCATION SOCIETY: The 21st Annual General Meeting of the Rao Bahadur S. V. Rajadhyaksha, G.S.B. Foreign Education Society will be held at the Hall of the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Saraswat Co-op. Buildings, Alexandra Road, Gamdevi, today at 5-30 p m (N S T)



RATINGS YESTERDAY—OFFICERS TODAY

Promotion from the lower deck has been won by these fine young men serving in the Royal Indian Navy. They form the first group to be selected under a scheme announced last year whereby ratings of all branches of the Royal Indian Navy may be chosen for commissions in the Royal Indian Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Casey To Visit Madras

MADRAS, March 16 (U.P.A.): It is understood that the Governor of Bengal, Mr. R. G. Casey will visit Madras towards the end of this month. His Excellency is expected to stay here for three days.

Purge In Mysore Muslim League

BANGALORE, March 3.

Fifteen members of the All-Mysore State Muslim League have been expelled from the organisation five for five years and ten for three years as a disciplinary measure for their conduct in the recent general election.

This decision was taken at a meeting of the working committee of the League.—A.P.

Standards of Purity

The public has a right to be protected against the terrible dangers that lurk in goods manufactured from impure raw materials or under unhygienic conditions, especially in foods, drugs and cosmetics.

In many countries, particularly this protection is provided by strict Pure Food and Drug legislation rigidly administered. In India such legislation is largely non-existent and, therefore, no such protection exists. The public has, therefore, to rely on the good faith of the manufacturer whose goods have been selected for purchase.

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Development Through Co-operative Method

Tasks For Planning Committee Meeting In Reserve Bank Office Tomorrow

The first meeting of the Co-operative Planning Committee will be held in the office of the Reserve Bank of India on the 19th March, 1945, under the Chairmanship of Mr. R. G. Saraiya.

In all the plans for the future development of India, it now seems clear, Co-operation finds an important place. It is mentioned in the Bombay Industrialists' Plan. It also occupies a prominent place in the "Peoples' Plan" of Mr. Roy and in, what is known as, the Gandhian Plan by Prof. Agarwal. The Government of India Reconstruction Committee of the Council of Reconstruction Planning also refers to co-operation as an important method of development of agricultural marketing, etc. The co-operative method and the co-operative spirit, therefore, will have to form an integral part of any plan for the development of the country in future.

It is considered significant by those interested in the movement that there has been no Government of India Committee to consider plans of co-operative development since 1915 when the MacLagan Committee issued its memorable report. Co-operation became a transferred subject in the Government of India Act of 1919, and there have been co-operative enquiry committees appointed in various provinces like Madras, Sind, Central Provinces and Berar, Bihar and Orissa, etc. Some of the Indian States like Travancore, Mysore, Gwalior, also appointed co-operative enquiry committees, but there has been no co-ordination of the work of the various co-operative departments in the Provinces and Indian States, except such co-ordination as may have been achieved through the periodical sessions of the Registrars' Conferences. The appointment of an All-India Committee therefore appears opportune.

VARIOUS SCHEMES MUST BE IMPLEMENTED

It is argued on all hands that for a country like India, which is a land of large number of very small units, be they farmers, artisans or labourers, co-operation is the ideal method by which the benefits of large-scale organizations can be brought to them without impairing at the same time individual initiative and individual sense of responsibility. It will, therefore, be the function of the co-operative method to implement the various schemes of post-war development which may be prepared by the Department of Planning and Development or by the Department of Education, Health and Lands.

The practical application of a large number of these schemes will be particularly suited to co-operative management and it will be the business of the Planning Committee to suggest ways and means by which the fruits of these comprehensive schemes can be brought to the door of the

(Continued In Col. 3.)

Figures Competition

This simple, interesting Competition had a very good response. There were 19 entries which had the last column figures tallying with those in the "Correct Solution" though some of them were not in the same order.

The total prize money of Rs. 2,500 is distributed among the nineteen, thus each getting Rs. 131-10 as.

3 × 2 =	6
5 + 6 =	11
9 − 1 =	8
14 + 4 =	18
8 + 10 =	18
13 − 12 =	1
11 + 7 =	18
	80

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Gandhi-Pura,
P. O. Gokul,
Dt. Muttra.

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Pramod L. Prabhu,
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NAGPUR

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Saroj Purandare,
Nazirali Cattle,
Palghar.

Any competitor whose name is not in the above list may ask for a scrutiny on payment of a scrutiny fee of Rs. 5. This fee will, on no account be refunded if there is no entry which entitles the competitor to a share in the prize.

Scrutiny requests must reach our office by 6 p.m. 26th March 1945, after which they will not be considered.

Request for scrutiny must be sent together with the remittance of Rs. 5 by Registered Post. The Competition Manager's scrutiny result will be final.

The management reserves the right to readjust the distribution of the prizes if any entry entitled to a prize is left out by oversight.

No. 1. ARRIVING FOR DUTY

EXTRACTS FROM AN ARMY OFFICER'S DIARY

Wednesday June 9th.
"Arrived this morning to join my active battalion. Everybody has been very kind - I was met at the station by another junior officer and taken to the mess for breakfast. After breakfast I reported my arrival to the Adjutant who told me I was posted to 'B' Company.

To serve with the Indian Army is a magnificient experience - but to serve as a commissioned officer is an honour indeed. It is a memory that you will cherish all your life, a turning point too in that it provides you with qualifications which will make you valuable in any walk of life.

TWO POINTS

● Many civil Government appointments are now being left vacant. These will be available, after the war, for men from the services.

● Candidates who are now at universities are entitled to valuable post-war educational concessions whereby they may continue their studies after the war. Actual details may be obtained from particular universities.

HOW TO APPLY

Get the Application Form (I.A F.Z/2290) from the local District Magistrate, Commissioner of Police, Recruiting Office, Secretary of the Provincial Selection Board or from the nearest military headquarters. This form should be filled in and forwarded to the Secretary of the nearest Provincial Selection Board.

Serve & Fight as an ARMY OFFICER

"700 FILIPINOS HERDED IN FORT AND SET ON FIRE"

Romulo To Indict Japs In U. S. Congress For Atrocities

WASHINGTON, March 16. (Reuter): Resident Commissioner for Philippines, Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo who reached the United States yesterday from Manila, said he would indict the Japanese in the United States Congress for atrocities committed in Philippines.

Compared with Manila, he said the "rape of Nanking" was a picnic. Describing the horrors committed inside Manila's intramuros (walled city) Romulo said, "On orders from Tokyo 700 Filipino males were herded into Fort Santiago dungeons. The structure was doused with kerosene and set afire.

(Continued from Col. 2.)

tiller of the soil, the small artisan and the urban dweller of moderate means.

In such a programme, a very great part will, it is hoped, be played by the returned serviceman: his knowledge of the outside world and his habits of discipline and of teamwork which he learnt in the army, the navy or the air force, would be extremely valuable in developing not only co-operative technique but also the co-operative spirit.

HAPPY SIGN

It is a happy sign that the Committee consists of both non-officials and Government officials. The Military Department is represented on it by the Director of Resettlement G.H.Q., Simla, while the Department of Planning and Development of the Government of India will be represented by Prof. C. N. Vakil. The Reserve Bank is closely associated with the work of the Committee, with Mr. Sher Jang Khan, Officer-in-Charge of the Agricultural Credit Section, acting as its Member-Secretary.

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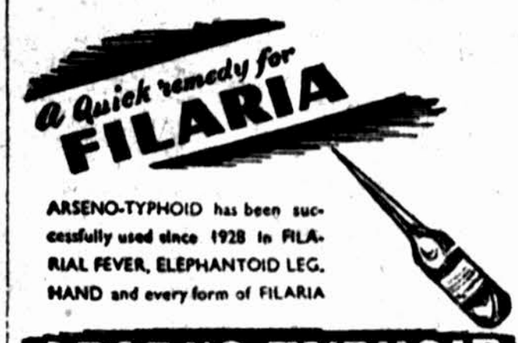
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BOMBAY RACES

Gwalior Wins Four Races At Mahaluxmi

Goodwill Asserts Superiority In Champagne Stakes

By Our Racing Correspondent

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Punters fared fairly well at Mahaluxmi today when the programme for the fifth day of Spring meeting was decided.

Gwalior candidates were in great form. Four of them won and besides a couple of them occupied minor positions on the board. The Gwalior-owned Deepak won the Munshi Cup by a narrow margin from Royal Jester, his bracket companion.

Goodwill annexed the Champagne Stakes but this time he had to be driven all out to strive the bold and late challenge of the neglected Windsor Prince. The pair were engaged in an exciting finish over the last furlong in which Goodwill succeeded in pegging back Windsor Prince by narrowest margin. Though Goodwill had an unbeaten record, he was offered at fours in the ring, while Belamina, his stable companion who finished a bad fourth after flattering her numerous supporters stood at odds of 5 to 4.

Two dead-heats were recorded during the proceedings. The first of the kind was in the Alexandria Plate in which Lila and Golden Quest passed the winning post locked up together. So thrilling was the finish in the concluding event, the Bridge Plate, that the Judge was the fit person to separate the winner from the runners-up. Menu Suffrage scored by hair-breadth margin. The runners-up Brother Scribe and A La Grande passed the winning post practically in a dead-line and the Judge was unable to separate them.

Fifty-one punters who nominated Lila in the third leg of the treble event pool collected Rs. 1,331 each while there were forty tickets on Golden Guest who dead-heated in the race. Each ticket fetched Rs. 1,697.

Following are the results:

THE BANDRA PLATE Division I—Distance 6 furlongs.

Maharaja of Gwalior's RED BLINKERS 9-0 Chavan 1
Mr Chandulal J. Shah's SHREE RANJIT 9-0 Kheem Singh 2
Mr. P. J. Sayegh's AL MUNTASIR 9-0 H. Singh 3
Mr. Ali Akbar's ISFOOG 9-4 Bhoor Singh 4
Won by 1 1/2 lengths, Shorthead, Shorthead.
Time: 1 minute 24 2/5 seconds.
Not run: Burhan. II
Tote paid: Win Rs. 37. Places Rs. 16, Rs. 14 and Rs. 14.
Winner Trained by: Capt. Lad.
Favourite: Red Blinkers.

THE BANDRA PLATE—(Div. III)—6 Furlongs.

Mr. A. C. Ardeshir's QUEEN HAMIYAH 8-12 Evans ... 1
Haji Rashid Fadhoos's NAWAB N. Dawood 2
M/s. Ibrahim & Dossa's COMPETITOR, 8-12, Raffaele 3
Mr. Sioff F. Nessim's WILLIAM, 9-0, Damodar 4
Won by 3 lengths, short head, 2 lengths.
Time: 1 m. 24 4-5 secs.
Not run—Time Switch.
Tote paid Rs. 10 for win; and Rs. 15, 23, 25 for places.

THE BANDRA PLATE—(Div. II)—6 Furlongs.

Mr. F. A. Irani's MOSAKI PASHA, 8-12, Brace 1
M/s. Permanand & Deepchand's ROBINHOOD, 9-0, Bhhor Singh 2
Mr. B. N. Mehta's HORMAZDIYAR, 9-0, Burn 3
Mr. K. E. Dossa's NOBLE DUKE, 9-0, Evans 4
Won by 1 1/2 lengths, Shorthead, Shorthead.
Time: 1 m. 24 secs.
Not run—Patriot, Vernon, Aspandiyar.
Tote paid Rs. 43 for win; and Rs. 21, 60, 25 for places.

THE LINGFIELD PARK PLATE—7 Furlongs.

Mr. A. Higgins' CARLOS, 9-7, Burn 1
Maharaja of Gwalior's GOLDEN SON, 9-0, Roberts 2
Maharaja of Gwalior's CILLAS, 8-12, Jones 3
Mr. Syed Amjad Ali's LIDSDOWN, 8-0, Sibbritt 4
Won by 2 1/2 lengths, Shorthead, 3 lengths.
Time: 1 m. 28 secs.
Not run: Medallion.
Tote paid Rs. 24 for win; and Rs 13, 15, 22 for places.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES—6 Furlongs.

Mr. Diamond's GOODWILL, 9-3, Britt 1
H. H. Maharaja of Rajpipla's WINDSOR PRINCE, 8-7, Evans 2
Mr. Chandulal J. Shah's CHAKORI, 8-8, Kheem Singh 3
Mr. R. J. Gazdar's BELAMINA, 8-11, Burn 4
Won by Shorthead, 1 1/2 lengths 2 1/2 lengths.
Time: 1 m. 15 1-5 secs.
Not run: Royal Wedding, Turf Star, Moving Picture.
Tote paid Rs. 45 for win; and Rs. 17, 25, 18 for places.

THE MOOLTAN PLATE—1 1/2 Miles.

H. H. Maharaja of Gwalior's NISHAT, 8-6, Roberts 1
Mr. S. G. Bhopatkar's SHAKUNTALA, 8-9, Brace 2
Maharaja of Gwalior's FLOWER OF LASHKAR, 8-13, Sibbritt ... 3
Major A. Svamvur's HERE'S HOW, 8-0, Whiteside 4
Won by 1/2 length, Head, 1 length.
Time: 1 m. 45 1/5 secs.
Not run: Flower of Baroda, Tangent.
Tote paid Rs. 53 for win; and Rs. 29, 30 61 for places

THE K. M. MUNSHI CUP—1 Mile.

Maharaja of Gwalior's DEEPAK, 9-7, Roberts 1
H.H. Maharaja of Gwalior's ROYAL JESTER, 8-7, Sibbrit ... 2
Maharani Chimnabai's ICE BOX, 8-7, Evans 3
Mr. R. K. F. Singh's MAHBOOB, 9-5, A. Ahmed 4
Won by Neck, 1 1/2 lengths, Head.
Time: 1 m. 42 secs.
All ran.
Tote paid Rs. 20 for win; and Rs. 18, 27, 24 for places.

THE ALEXANDRA PLATE—1 1/4 Miles.

Maharaj Kumar of Morvi's GOLDEN QUEST, 8-0, Burn 1
Maharaja of Gwalior's LILA, 8-8, Roberts 2
Maharaja of Baroda's YISIR AL ARAB, 8-12, Britt 3
Mr. Jacob Heskel's MANNAWI, 8-6, A. Ahmed 4
Won by Dead-heat, 2 lengths, 2 lengths.
Time: 2 ms. 18 4/5 secs.
All ran.
Tote paid Rs. 44 and 39; and Rs. 31, 34, 38 for places.

THE BRIDGE PLATE—1 Mile.

Mr. M. D. Petit's MENU SUFFRAGE, 9-0. Bhoor Singh ... 1
Mr. Chandra Mohan's A LA GRANDE, 9-0, Magan Singh ... 2
Mr. J. D. Banatwalla's BROTHER SCRIBE, 7-9, Kan Singh ... 3
Maharaj Kumar of Morvi's SAPODIL, 9-0, F. Shah 4
All ran.
Tote paid Rs. 105 for win; and Rs. 27, 16, 19 for places.

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HOMOEOPATHY TO HELP HUMANITY

Variety Entertainment In Aid Of College And Hospital Fund

BOMBAY, Saturday.

A variety entertainment in aid of the "Homoeopathic College and Hospital Fund", organised by the Bombay Homoeopathic Association, during their Silver Jubilee Celebrations was staged this evening at Sir C. J. Hall. Mr. Mangaldas Pakwasa presided.

The variety entertainment consisted of a mandoline duet, a nursery play and a one-act play and exercises, drill, rythmic movements etc., by boys and girls. Miss Shirin Vazifdar presented classical and folk dances.

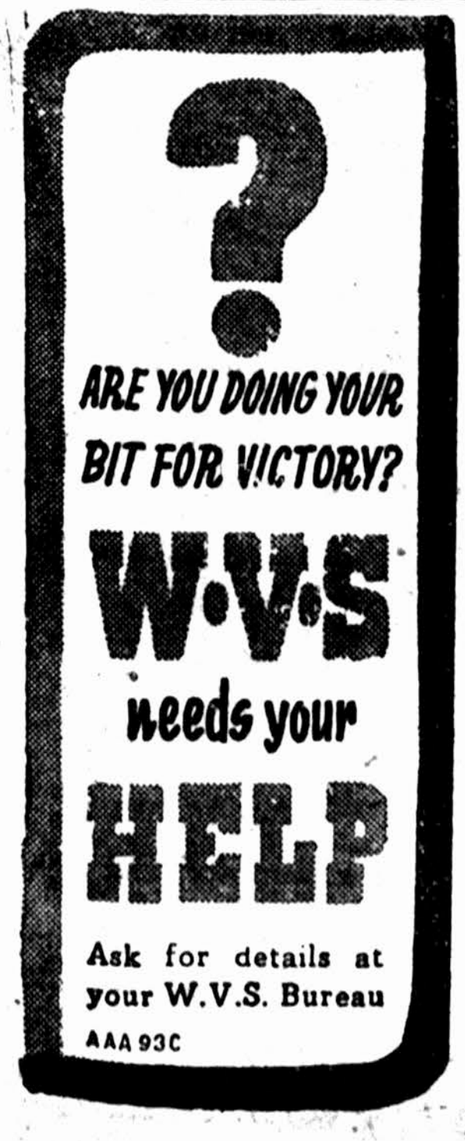
Mr. Pakwasa said that the main object of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations was to collect funds for a College. Their object was not only to spread the knowledge of Homoeopathy in the city as well as all over India, but also to help humanity.

Personally, he continued, he had great faith in Homoeopathy. He certainly believed that it could cure many obstinate diseases. The poor people in India, could not afford expensive systems of medicine. To them Homoeopathy would be invaluable, for the drugs used in that system were very cheap. India especially required a system of medicine which was in the reach of all. Such was Homoeopathy.

He appealed to the patrons of the system who could be of financial assistance to work in close harmony with these who had the knowledge, so that in the end, it would be of use to one and all.

Sir Chunilal Bhaichand Mehta, President of the Association, thanked Mr. Pakwasa, and said that his confidence in Homoeopathy had grown more and more during the last 25 years. He was himself a patient of Homoeopathy. But, it was difficult, for any system of medicine to flourish without the co-operation and encouragement of the Government. He hoped that Mr. Pakwasa, would always assist them.

Among those present were Mr. B. G. Kher and Lady Rama Rau.



BATH-TIME

A HOT bath is today a luxury. The urgent need to save both water and fuel compels us to cut down our bathing. The less often we feel justified in having a hot bath, the more we appreciate it, particularly after a long day's work or a night on A.R.P. or fire duty. Yet the zest of any hot bath is reduced if the water is hard. Hard water wastes soap — you know how the soap will not lather and scum forms on the surface. Thanks to chemical research the secret of hard water and its cure were discovered many years ago. If soft water makes home washing easier and more pleasant, it is a necessity for Industry. Until the chemistry of water was fully understood factories had either to be built in districts with suitable water, or else suffer the disadvantages of hard water. Nowadays water can be made suitable for use in factories wherever they are sited, and even naturally soft water can be improved for special purposes. The industrialist installs a water softening plant or uses chemicals to reduce the harmful effect of hardness. Today softened water enables Industry to save fuel, and the work of the chemist is bearing fruit, as it so often does, in unexpected directions.

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Wanted for confidential work of a Director of reputable firm at Calcutta a thoroughly dependable Personal Assistant at least a graduate with good speed in shorthand and typewriting and fair knowledge of Urdu. Apply stating particulars of qualifications, age, family connections, experience if any and salary acceptable to Box No. 2524. C/o. "Bombay Chronicle".

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PUBLIC NOTICES

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2. Higher Scientific study and research in ancient Indian History and culture, medicine, engineering science such as Physics, Chemistry etc.
3. Method of Education and Teaching
4. Sanskrit study and research. 5. Research in India Economics. 6. Higher study and research in Mathematics. 7. Higher study and research in History, Economics, Zoology, Botany, Geology, Agriculture, Sugar Chemistry, Dairy farming, Industrial Chemistry, Radiology, Politics, Commerce and Accountancy. 8. Architecture. 9. Sculpture. 10. Music. 11. Painting. 12. Dancing. 13. Journalism. 14. Printing. 15. Advertisement and Publicity. 16. Aeronautics. 17. Salesmanship. 18. Military Training. 19. Industrial Relationship. 20. Labour Problems. 21. Industrial Organisation. 22 Anthropology. 23. Social Psychology. 24. Applied Psychology 25. Mining. 26. Metallurgy.

Scholarships are open only to Hindus, including Budhists and Sikhs. A few scholarships may be reserved for deserving Harijan candidates.

Graduates and post-graduates of any University, Acharyas and Shastris in Sanskrit and other suitable candidates for specialization in technical subjects such as music and painting etc. may apply to the undersigned on prescribed forms by 1st May 1945. Application forms can be obtained from the Sangha Office on application.

General Secretary
ALL INDIA ARYA (HINDU) DHARMA SEWA SANGHA,
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7595

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CITY MARKET

Gold & Silver

Bombay, March 17.

The local bullion market was quietly steady and in view of week-end uncertainties trading was restricted and price fluctuations were narrow. It appears that the urgent long liquidation has run its course and the market is inclined to await fresh developments.

Forward silver opened at Rs. 125/4 and advanced to Rs. 125/10 and later steadied at Rs. 125/6. Ready silver was quoted at Rs. 125/10. Forward gold opened at Rs. 69/7 and after fluctuating between Rs. 69/4 and Rs. 69/12 steadied at Rs. 69/9. Ready gold was quoted at Rs. 69/12.

(From Our Correspondent.)
BHUJ, March 17.

To-day Hundi Kories 353/8, Silver Rs. 105/4, Gold Rs. 67.

Bombay Cotton

BOMBAY, March 17.

The cotton market opened steady today and improved on general buying. May opened at Rs. 451/8 and advanced to Rs. 453. There are three tender days more for March contract and the market believes that about 40,000 more bales will be tendered. The Bulls are absorbing all these cotton tenders as there is more profit in ready cotton than buying distant months at premiums.

Later on there was scattered selling and the market closed at 3 p.m. as under.

I.C.C. March	444	0	0
I.C.C. May	451	0	0
I.C.C. July	465	4	0
I.C.C. Sept.	474	4	0

HIGH & LOW COTTON PRICES

	Hi.	Lo.	Close.
I. C. C.:—			
March	446/12	445	445/4
May	453/12	451	452
July	466/8	463/8	466/4
Sept.	476	474	475/4
Karachi May	47/2/6	46/14	47/1/6

COTTON PARITY.

Indian Cotton May Contract is 464 cent points below N. Y. May at Exchange rate 331.

COTTON ROOM RATES.
BOMBAY, March 17.

Jarilla Extra Spr-fine 459, Sup. 452 Fine 445, F. Good 440; 4 F. Pun/ American Extra Spr-fine 489 Sup. 482, Fine 475, F. Good 470; L.S.S. Pun/ American Extra Spr-fine 536, Sup. 529, Fine 512, F. Good 517; 289 F. Pun/ American Extra Spr-fine 614, Sup. 607, Fine 600, F. Good 595; M.G. 4F. Sid-American Extra Spr-fine 489 Sup. 482, Fine 475, F. Good 470; M.G. N. T. Extra Spr-fine 536, Sup. 529, Fine 522, F. Good 517.

LONG LIQUIDATION ON N. Y. COTTON EXCHANGE

March Option Ends At 21.95

NEW YORK, March 16.

March reacted to 21.92 on the circulation of a part of the 18 notices and expired at 21.95. Continued good war news, peace rumours, strike threats and legislation and postwar uncertainties created cautiousness. Prices latterly eased attributable to liquidation and hedges with the final action of March option and good war news and the approach of the usual week-end uncertainties the most discussed factors. The session closed barely steady. July opened at 21.81 and advanced to 21.85 at noon which was the highest level. Later on there was increased liquidation and March declined to 21.72. Thus the range was 13 points and the session closed at a net decline of 2 to 7 points Spot Cotton quotation was reduced 3 points at 22.39 c. per lb.

NEW YORK COTTON.
New York, March 16.

May	22.04—02
July	21.72—06
October	21.13—03
July highest (12-6 p.m.)	21.85+07
July lowest (3 p.m.)	21.72—06
Middling Spot	22.39—03

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.

May	22.01—05
July	21.72—08
October	21.15—
Middling Spot	21.55+01

NEW YORK COTTON, NOON CALL.

March	22.10
May	22.10
July	21.83

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE.

Tata Ordinary 335; Tata Deferred 2085; Indian Iron 40; Steel Corpn. of Bengal 33/2; Bombay Dyeing 1847/8; Central India 371/4; Century 922/8; Gokak 302/8; Kohinoor 618/2; Simplex 264; Andhra Valley 1767/8; Tata Hydro 203/2; Tata Power 1875; Associated Cement 231; Belapur 218/12; Bombay Burma (Old) 530

CALICUT QUOTATIONS
CALICUT, March 17.

Cocoanuts Raw 85 Dry 78 Cocoanut-oil 335, Copra Office 197/8 Dilpasand 212 Madrasnottam 217/8 Goodgooda 220 Pepper Waynaad 350 Country 345 Dry-ginger Chernad 230 Ernad 220 Coffee Robusta 83.

2 SECOND WEEK 2
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Ajit Release

"GREAT LOSS TO BAHAMAS"

Windsor's Resignation, Sequel To Clash With "Big Business"

(From Our Correspondent)
LONDON, March 16.

The news of the Duke of Windsor's resignation missed late editions of last evening papers but it soon became Fleet Street's sensation.

Recently, the Duke of Windsor intended to take up American citizenship which was of course discounted here. During his last visit, to America, it is believed, the Duke saw Lord Halifax and complained bitterly, that while his brother the Duke of Gloucester was doing an important job in Australia, he was relegated to the Bahamas and asked specially, it is believed, to be made a member of the British Purchasing Commission as both he and his wife knew America so well. Some informants say, he was promised another and the bigger government appointment for post-war but they cannot understand why with his appointment lasting until August he resigned in March. As Major-General Liaison Officer in France in the winter of 1939, the Duke of Windsor was known to have said, his job then was not befitting his long experience.

Official circles suggest that the Duke's resignation was a normal affair, the mere fact being that he had only three and a half months more to serve. When the Duke of Windsor first arrived in Bahamas he found the island suffering from severe industrial depression. Sponge and sisal have been the mainstay of Bahamas for several years but sisal exports had rapidly declined and sponge suffering from severe mortality brought the industry almost to a standstill. Bahamas then was wholly dependent on tomato exports and tourists trade but war isolated Bahamas leaving its overwhelming Negro population in desperate plight. Such was the state of Bahamas when the Duke of Windsor arrived.

The Duke asked the Bahamas Assembly to pass legislative measures improving social conditions of Negroes. The assembly rejected his suggestion. Whatever the reasons, official or unofficial, for Windsor's resignation, Bahamas lost a great friend.

Representatives of the Royal Household it is believed are planning short holiday in England and France, probably in France. He is still determined not to live in England as long as the Duchess is not accorded the privileges and honours of royalty.

The Duke is distressed at the illness of Mr. Lloyd George who always maintained loyal friendship.

WINDSORS TO GO TO NEW YORK AND CANADA

Likely To Visit England Also—Some Day

NASSAU BAHAMAS, March 16 (A.P.A.):—The Duke of Windsor that he and the Duchess will leave for New York in the latter part of April.

From New York they will go to their Canadian ranch and later they plan to visit Europe.

At a press conference Windsor said: "My resignation does not mean permanent severance from public life, because after the war men with experience will be badly needed, and I'll fit in anywhere that I can be helpful.

"When the Secretary of State for Colonies visited Nassau last December I told him I wanted to be relieved when my five-year term as Governor expired.

"Now that the war in Europe is near the end, I have interests in Canada, America and Europe that need more than the attention I can give them from this distance.

"I shall go to England some day, but there are no definite plans or date. We have no immediate plans beyond going to New York and probably to my ranch in Canada.

"We certainly will go to Europe when travel is possible. Both the Duchess and I love to travel. Nearly five years in Nassau is the longest time I have spent in one place since my adolescence, and the longest I hope to spend in one place in future."

WINDSOR ON HIS FUTURE PLAN

NASSAU, March 17.

The Duke of Windsor discussing his future plans said in an interview, "I shall go to Britain some day, but there are no definite plans or dates".

Explaining the reason for his resignation, he said "five years in Nassau is the longest time I have spent in any one place since adolescence and the longest I hope to spend in any one place in future".—Reuter.

HARNESS MECHANICAL INGENUITY TO INDIA'S POST-WAR DEVELOPMENT

Collins Inaugurates Engineers' Association Silver Jubilee Conference

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Inaugurating the Silver Jubilee Conference of the Mechanical Engineers' Association of India at the B.E.S.T. Hall this afternoon, Mr. G. F. S. Collins, Adviser to the Governor of Bombay, referred to Mechanical Engineers as essential cogs in the machine of post-war development. He said that they could render valuable assistance to Governments in developing the countryside and in evolving many economical and labour-saving devices.

The post-war period, Mr. Collins said, would present many opportunities for mechanical ingenuity. The province of Bombay would have its peculiar problems needing the attention of Government.

HELP RURAL INDIA

In the course of his presidential remarks, Mr. T. R. S. Kynnersley said that whatever branch of engineering one followed, the opening up of rural India was bound to be a preliminary to any great advance and rural India could only be opened up by getting the people in the villages educated and content with rural life. Mr. Kynnersley added: "The mass movement we have seen towards the towns is unhealthy and economically wrong. India, as we are tired of being told, is an agricultural country: there are far too many men and women working on agricultural pursuits but the surplus should not be drawn to the towns, they should be enticed to centres of industrial effort, which though placed on roads or railways, should as far as possible be away from the present large cities of India. And just as you would plan the layout of a factory, so these industrial centres must be planned if prosperity and happiness are to become general; and now is the time to do it.

The Conference will reassemble on Sunday.

Delhi Summons Kasturbhai Back

(From Our Correspondent)
AHMEDABAD, March 17.

It is reliably understood that in response to an urgent telegraphic call from India Government, Sheth Kasturbhai Lalbhai, Indian representative to the World Textile Conference at Washington, is leaving for Delhi today. It is understood he has been called in connection with his mission of Textile Conference. On 22nd March Kasturbhai will leave for America.

THE LAST PAGE

(Continued From Page 18)

Uzra is one of several sisters, each of whom has distinguished herself in some sphere of political or cultural activity. The eldest, Hajira, (married to Communist leader, Dr. Z. A. Ahmed) is a communist organiser on the Women's Front in U. P.; Zohra, a versatile and talented dancer who toured the world with Uday Shankar's troupe, is now working with her husband, Sahgal, to revive and popularize Indian dancing in Lahore; while Uzra, along with her husband, is working for the People's Theatre in Bombay.

★

"Bengal Artists' Testimony"

The picture on the cover this week (Mofussil edition of previous week) is taken from an album of contemporary Bengali paintings and sketches published by the Bengal Students Federation on the occasion of the last session of the A.I.S.F.

Included in the excellently got-up album are the works of the late Rabindranath Tagore, Nandlal Bose, Gemini Ray, as well as youthful moderns like Zainulabedin and Chittaprosad. It is a colourful—and, in some respects, grim—pageant of Bengal's own artists. The various sketches portraying the famine conditions are poignant reminders of the great tragedy and provide ample proof that the Bengali artists were deeply moved by it. "Bengal Artists' Testimony" is a valuable pictorial record and an indictment of those who caused such suffering to the people of Bengal! It is also an eloquent refutation of the charge made by Beverley Nichols that modern Indian art does not seek inspiration in the present-day reality.

Priced at Rs. 5/- the proceeds are to go to Bengal Relief. It may be had from Bengal students Federation, 8—2 Bhowani Dutt Lane, Calcutta.

★

Hindu-Muslim Pani

SAM M. NEKSATKHAN writes:—

Apropos your remarks on Hindu—Muslim *pani* may I suggest a remedy that strikes me at the moment to be very easy and simple? All those who pride themselves as nationalists should if they are Hindus take water from Muslim *paniwallas*—and if they are Muslims from the Hindu *paniwallas*. The latter may not seem possible but my experience is that even a *Brahmania paniwalla* pours water in everybody's cup, glass or lota. Let everyone in the interest of India try this and see the fun of it. This will knock the bottom out of the imperial game. Will the readers of the LAST PAGE at least do this!

AMERY AWAITS SAPRU REPORT

Zafrulla's Proposals Don't Find Much Favour At India Office, Says Pramanik

(From Our Correspondent).
LONDON, March 17.

"It was a highly instructive interview", said Mr. Sudhindra Pramanik who conferred with Mr. Amery at the India Office on Thursday.

Mr. Amery was greatly interested in obtaining first hand information from the Indian Trade Union leader about conditions of Indian workers. He showed particular interest in studying the developments as narrated by Mr. Pramanik of the Digboy strike which lasted for five months.

As Sir Stafford Cripps had assured him that Mr. Amery was very anxious to reach a settlement in India, Mr. Pramanik took the opportunity to discuss the political situation with Mr. Amery who listened to Mr. Pramanik patiently. Both exchanged views frankly for forty-five minutes. Mr. Pramanik emphasised the Indian demand for release of political prisoners and the formation of National Government responsible to Indian people. He further stressed the urgency of ending the deadlock which, he pointed out, was creating wider gulf between Indian people and the British Government.

AMERY'S "DILEMMA"

According to Mr. Pramanik Mr. Amery felt nothing but Indian disunity standing in the way of framing an agreed constitution for Post-War Free India. It would be very difficult for the British Government to solve the Hindu-Muslim problem or impose a Constitution after failure to reach an agreement by the Indian communities. If Britain imposed a unitary constitution and refused to concede Pakistan the Muslim League would blame her. On the other hand if she gave autonomy to the different regions with the right to secede as in the Cripps Proposals, Mr. Gandhi and other Congress leaders would reasonably complain that Britain was destroying the unity of India.

That was what Mr. Pramanik understood from his conversation with Mr. Amery.

Mr. Pramanik pointed out that Congress was not opposed to that part of the Cripps Offer in principle which gave the Provinces the right to secede and Gandhiji in fact went a long way to meet Mr. Jinnah's point of view, but could not possibly agree to give 'a priori' guarantee of a permanent partition without even referring to the Muslim plebiscite and a plebiscite of the population concerned.

Mr. Pramanik further referred to the T.U.C. resolution supporting any agreement between Gandhiji and Mr. Jinnah and other leaders. Britain's dilemma, Mr. Pramanik pointed out, that after the failure of the parties to reach an agreement the only course—wise and practical course—was either to refer the matter to a Constituent Assembly or to a competent International Arbitration as suggested by the Congress. In supporting this Mr. Pramanik said no minorities however big can block indefinitely the assertion of free will of the large democratic majority.

Of course Mr. Pramanik left the India Office with the impression that Mr. Amery does not believe that a Constituent Assembly can solve this problem because of Muslim League opposition. Similarly Mr. Amery feels that arbitration even by an International body may be of little avail. The minority problems are always so difficult to solve as they have been among European national minorities in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Italy. It seems to be Mr. Amery's view that it would be better to evolve a constitution, as fair as can be, to the Muslims and other minority communities.

AMERY AWAITS SAPRU REPORT

Mr. Pramanik told me that he thinks Mr. Amery hopes that Mr. Sapru Committee may succeed in giving better and concrete suggestions to get over this difficulty in a fair manner. Sir M. Zafrullah's suggestion of imposing a Constitution after failure to reach an agreement by Indians themselves is discounted as impractical and therefore unacceptable.

8 STABLES AND 7 BUILDINGS GUTTED

Fire In Navsari Stable Causes Damages Of Rs. 75,000

NAVSARI, March 15, (A. P.): Seven buildings and eight stables were gutted by a big fire that broke out in a stable here yesterday.

One horse was burnt alive. The total loss is estimated at Rs. 75,000.

GUMASTHA CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT SURAT.

SURAT, March 16. (A. P.): The Gujerat and Kathiawar Gumastha Conference will be held here in the last week of April.

Representatives of Gumastha Associations from Ahmedabad, Godhra, Baroda, Broach, Surat and Bombay at a meeting held at Baroda yesterday decided to invite Mr. B. G. Kher to preside and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu to inaugurate the Conference.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

We have opened a "Clinical Department" under the direct supervision of qualified and experienced physicians and surgeons. All persons suffering from loss of vitality and vigour premature old age, lack of stamina, married and personal hygiene problems, female irregularities and disorders DEFORMITIES OF THE BUST (sagging, infantile, over developed etc.) MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISORDERS (psychoanalytic and suggestive therapeutics under deep hypnosis) OBESITY (planned diet, re-educative exercises, electro vibratory massage and hormone vitamin mineral feeding). ALL CONSTITUTIONAL CHRONIC DISEASES WHICH HAVE DEFIED ALL TREATMENTS, etc., can now secure personal individualised treatment and expert guidance. Latest laboratory equipment to facilitate exact diagnosis available ELECTROTHERAPY (diathermy ultra short wave therapy, electro surgery, deep X-ray therapy, actino therapy, ultra violet and infrared radiations, electric ionisation, etc., etc.,) with latest, modern, apparatuses is a SPECIALITY at our CLINIC. Consultations free. Strictest privacy and confidence guaranteed. Consult in person between 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. on any week day. (Saturdays 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. If you cannot visit us personally, send the full history of your case in detail, if possible, ask your family physician to send us a detailed report) and a STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE for "diagnosis and suggested treatment" of your case.

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Prof. J. V. Bhat, M.Sc., Ph.D., Professor of St. Xavier's College, Bombay, has been awarded a Watumull "A" Grade Scholarship for specialization in Agricultural Bactereology in U. S. A.

FIGHTING IN MANDALAY

Allied Troops Clearing Fort Dufferin Area

ADV HQ. ALFSEA. March 17.

To-day's S E A C "communique" says:

LAND FOURTEENTH ARMY FRONT: In Mandalay our troops are clearing the area S E and S W of Fort Dufferin

Other troops who advanced from their bridgehead to the Irrawaddy have penetrated into port after a stiff fight.

The main road due south of Mandalay has also been cut.

In the Meiktila area the Japanese have reached strongly from the north and counter-attacked our forces. During darkness, they achieved some infiltration into our positions. Yesterday, our armoured columns completely restored the situation, the tanks inflicting further heavy casualties on the enemy.

FIFTEENTH INDIAN CORPS FRONT: Our troops have made progress on the Tamandu-An line.

AIR: Allied aircraft of Eastern Air Command made repeated attacks yesterday in the Mandalay sector Fighters hit Fort Dufferin with rocket projectiles and destroyed buildings on the outskirts of the city. Enemy positions and road traffic south and south-west of Mandalay were bombed and strafed.

Near Jyaukse, on the Rangoon line, 25 miles south of Mandalay dumps and stores were hit and an explosion caused among stocks of ammunition

Co-ordinating with Allied ground forces, attacks were made on enemy occupied villages near Meiktila.

Other aircraft destroyed the ELA bypass bridge, eight miles south of Pyinmana, on the Rangoon-Mandalay railway.

Troop and stores areas were bombed south of Hsipaw.

Two Allied aircraft are missing.—A. P.

Suspected Trotskyist Arrested

Suspected to be a member of the Trotskyist Party, P. Singam was arrested following a search of his house on Saturday evening. Objectionable literature is suspected to have been found in the search.

MR. M. B. KABBUR DEAD

From A Correspondent.)

DHARWAR (By Mail.)

Death occurred at Dharwar on Wednesday last of Mr. Madhawrao B. Kabbur, prominent pleader and Congressman, at the age of 55 after several months' suffering from dropsy. Mr. Kabbur was one of those young intellectuals of Karnatak who were brought to the front by the Gandhian movement and was jailed for two years in connection with the Dharwar Shooting Case in 1921. He was interned in 1932 and 1942 movements. Mr. Kabbur was instrumental in starting the "Karnaveer" under the editorship of Mr. R. R. Diwaker and contributed under a pseudonym for a long time. He took prominent part in bringing into existence the National Publishing Trust which today runs the "Samyukta Karnatak" daily and also the weekly "Karnaveer". Mr. Kabbur also contributed to reforming the Kannarse script and put forth what he called the "Madhavi" script which can be easily accommodated for typing and monotype setting purposes

CUT MOTION WITHDRAWN IN SIND ASSEMBLY

Mover Pleads With Hidayatullah To Retire And Make Place For Younger Men

KARACHI, March 17.—Speaking on his one rupee cut motion which he eventually withdrew in the Sind Assembly today Sheikh Abdul Majid (Azad Party) declared that he professed no ill-will against the Premier, Sir Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah. What he wanted was that in his old age of 72 he should retire and have a well-merited rest and be a friend and philosopher of the younger element which might replace him. He promised that if he so retired from politics he would collect funds and have his statue in front of the Assembly and would not hesistate to vote for it. According to Sheikh Abdul Majid those who wanted Sir Ghulam Hussain were not his friends and well-wishers.

Replying, the Premier said that he was anxious himself to retire. He would consult the party before making the decision known. He asked Sheikh Abdul Majid if he would like to replace him.

FOLLOW FRONTIER LEAD

When the Assembly met today Mr. R. K. Sidhwa, leader of the Congress Party, wanted the Government to announce if they would follow the lead given by the Congress Ministry of the Frontier Province which released all Congress detenus, including Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, member of the Congress Working Committee. He said that hereafter the Provincial Government could not take shelter behind the oft-repeated plea that the members of the Congress Working Committee were detained at the instance of the Government of India and that they had no voice in their case.

The Premier promised to make a statement by Monday.

"Ridiculous To Talk Of Any Breach"

India Purchasing Commission Officer Refutes Reports Of Transfer Of Orders To Lend-Lease

WASHINGTON, March 16: The charge that the India Purchasing Mission has been attempting to transfer orders for motor car parts and equipment to lend-lease instead of purchasing them through regular private channels, was described as "ridiculous" today by an official of the Mission in an interview with Reuter

The charge which, according to press reports was made on Thursday at a luncheon at the Overseas Automatice Club New York, also asserted that the Mission threatened to take the matter up with the State Department when its request for transfer was refused.

The official told Reuter, "it is ridiculous to talk of any Purchasing Mission defying a foreign economic administration which naturally has the final word in such matters. Negotiations concerning spares and equipment are in progress between the two Governments and there is no reason to believe that any member of our Mission would 'threaten to override the foreign economic administration and present the case direct to the State Department'

Students' Movement In Andhra

Kaleshwar Rao's Talks With Ganahiji On Constructive Work

WARDHA, March 17.

Mr. Kaleshwar Rao the Andhra leader and Chairman of the Students' Sub-Committees of the Andhra Provincial Congress Assembly saw Gandhiji again and discussed with him the ways and means of the members of the Students' Congress for carrying on the various items of the constructive programme. He pointed out to the Mahatma the rapid growth of the Students' Congress in Andhra under Congress leadership, inspite of the slogan raised by the Students' Federation that the unity of students was being disrupted by organising the Students' Congress. The present membership of the Students' Congress in Andhra is stated to be more than 16,000.

Gandhiji, it is understood, was of opinion that they could work for the constructive programme separately if they liked but with a view to getting independence. According to Gandhiji, every party desiring to achieve independence can work the constructive programme separately but without coming into conflict with one another in any way.

Mr. Kaleshwar Rao is leaving for Bezwada to-day.—United Press.

Ashadevi To Tour Andhra

WARDHA March 17.

Mrs. Ashadevi Aryanayakam, Joint Secretary of the Talimi Sangha has accepted an invitation to visit from April 9th to 11th the Sharadaniketan at Guntur the Vinayashram at Kovvur and the basic school at Kondapuram recently started with donations from ladies

Mr. Kaleswara Rao, the Andhra Congress leader will also accompany Srimathi Ashadevi during her tour, for opening basic teachers' training camps one for women at Guntur and another for men at Kovvur.—A. P.

ALL-INDIA LEAD IN FIRST INNINGS

Rangachari Takes 6 Wickets For 74 Runs

MADRAS, March 17 (A.P.I.)

Rangachari accounted for both the remaining All-India wickets with the fifth and sixth balls of his opening over when the All-India team to tour Ceylon resumed their first innings this morning against H.E. the Governor's XI. There was a crowd of about 5,000. Rangachari took 6 wickets for 74 runs.

The All-India first innings concluded for 371 (Amarnath out 77. Sarwate not out 6 and Banerjee b Rangachari 0).

The Governor's XI were all out in their first innings for 221. (Ashgar Ali 36. Ramsingh 60. Gopalan 46. Sarwate 4 for 35 and Hazare 3 for 36). The All-India team put up 32 for 2 wickets at the close of play.

ALL-INDIA (Second Innings).—Mankad l.b.w. b Ramsingh 10. Sarwate, c Sanjiva Rao, b Gopalan 11. Kishenchand not out 22. Total for loss of two wickets 38.

KOBE REDUCED TO ASHES

300 'Super Forts' Raid Japan's Greatest Seaport

GUAM, March 17. (Reuter): Twelve square miles of the heart of Kobe, Japan's greatest seaport, was burning or in ashes to-day, following the early morning incendiary raid on the city by over 300 'Super Forts', according to an eye-witness report by Col. W H Blanchard, of the Bomber Command to Major-Gen. Curtis Lemay, Commanding the Twenty-First Bomber Command. Kobe was under attack for almost two hours.

The fliers, when they were 300 miles from Kobe, could still see huge fires blazing.

One pilot said the Japanese "seemed to have developed more savvy. They waited for our planes to get over the city and many of them flew high to get us from above as we left the target".

Rangoon Raided

WASHINGTON.—Super Fortresses from India today bombed storage areas in Rangoon, the War Department announces. About 40 planes took part.

"Ike" May Lead Allied Forces Against Japan

LONDON, March 17 (U.P.A.)—Gen. Dwight Eisenhower might be named Allied Commander-in-Chief for the invasion of Japan with Field Marshal Montgomery as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, a columnist of the London Evening "Star" speculated today.

Lahore Editor Released

LAHORE, March 17. Mr. Virandra, Managing Editor of the 'Pratap, Lahore who had been in jail as a security prisoner since August, 1942, was released from the Mayo Hospital where he was awaiting operation. Restrictions prohibiting him to join meetings, communicate to the Press and take part in any sort of political activities etc., were imposed on him.

Mr. Virendra, it may be stated, had been ailing for a long time.—United Press

MANCHESTER, March 17 (Reuter): The Minister of Food Colonel Llewellin, stated at a Press Conference that he could give no guarantee that meat ration in Britain would not be reduced, but he was doing his best to avoid it.

Under the Sargent Scheme the Government of India are sending about 500 students abroad and the Central Government it is understood have asked the Provincial Governments to submit their suggestions before March 31.

MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS IN C. P.

Congress M.L.A's. Planning To Wait In Deputation On Gandhiji

NAGPUR, March 17. The advent of the Congress Ministry in the North-West Frontier Province seems to have created fresh hopes here that very soon the Congress Ministry in C. P. may be back to office.

Some Congress M.L.A's are planning to wait in a deputation on Mahatma Gandhi in this connection.

There is a proposal to hold a meeting of the Congress Assembly Party at Nagpur. It is stated that since the members of the Congress Working Committee are being transferred to their respective provinces, their releases may be hastened with the return of popular ministers to the office.—United Press.

"FRONTIER GANDHI" RELEASED

Assembly Holds Briefest Session; Ministers And Portfolios

PESHAWAR, March 17.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan along with ten other security prisoners was released from Haripur jail this afternoon. He is on his way to Peshawar, where he is expected to arrive this evening.

A reception is being arranged in his honour at Peshawar. Khan Ali Gul Khan, President of the Frontier Provincial Congress Committee, Rai Bahadur Merchand Khanna and Khan Abdul Qayum Sawati have left for Haripur to escort Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan to Peshawar.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan was arrested on October 27, 1942 when he violated the ban on his entry into Mardan with fifty companions.

Twenty-two security prisoners, including Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan and four members of the Frontier Assembly, have been released within two days of the assumption of office by the Congress Ministery

ASSEMBLY'S BRIEFEST SITTING

The Frontier Assembly held the briefest sitting in its history today when the only business transacted was the swearing in of Mr. Kewalram, a Congress member, who was released from jail yesterday. The house then adjourned till March 19. The Congress party occupied the Ministerial benches and the Muslim Leaguers sat in opposition.

The N W F P Congress Political Conference will be held at Peshawar on April 6, 7 and 8 under the presidentship of Dr. Syed Mahmud.

OATHS OF ALLEGIANCE

Assignment Of Portfolios

PESHAWAR, March 16 (A.P.I.): The oath of office and allegiance were administered to Dr. Khan Sahib and his two colleagues, Dewan Bhanjuram Gandhi and Khan Abbas Khan by the Governor at Government House this morning, after which the Ministers attended their offices.

An official notification regarding the portfolios is expected to be issued tomorrow, but it is learnt that Dr. Khan Sahib will hold the portfolio of Law and Order, Police and Food Departments, while Dewan Bhanjuram will be Minister of Finance and Khan Abbas Khan, Minister of Development and Industries—

QAZI ATTAULLAH AS EDUCATION MINISTER

PESHAWAR, Mar. 17 (A.P.I.): The Hon. Dr. Khan Sahib, Chief Minister, has submitted the name of Qazi Attaullah as Minister for Education and H E the Governor has accepted it.

Qazi Attaullah will be sworn in as a member of the Council of Ministers on Monday 19th March according to a communique issued from Government House today.

Qazi Attaullah, who had been detained for nearly two years was released from the Peshawar Central Jail yesterday. He was Education Minister in the first Congress Ministry.

Bengal Leader For Bombay

CALCUTTA, March 17 (A.P.I.)—Mr. Kiran Sankar Roy, leader of the Bengal Congress Parliamentary Party, will, it is understood, leave for Bombay about the end of this month to see Mahatma Gandhi

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE SPORTS CLUB—The annual general elections of the New Zealand Insurance Sports Club were held on Friday under the presidentship of Mr. C. R. C. Gardiner. The following were elected office bearers. President: Mr. C. R. C. Gardiner. Vice-President: Mr. Dharamsay. Hony Secy: Mr. N. V. Borker. Treasurer: Mr. N. C. Kalyaniwala. Committee: Messrs D. C. Doyle, H. M. Chalkwala and D. K. Karani. Cricket Captain: D. N. Bhatkal

The Governor-General has appointed Mr. K. Sanjiva Row, member of the Federal Public Service Commission to act as chairman during the absence on leave of Mr. F. W. Robertson

WOMEN IN THE SLUMS

By CHITRA NAIK

In the northern parts of this city of ours, just near the mill-area, in a quarter known as Naigaum, stands a cluster of cement chawls, musty, sooty and bleak.

I had often gazed at them from afar and wondered what sort of people lived there and how. One day, bitten hard by the irrepressible womanly curiosity to peep into other people's homes, I took my courage into both hands and ventured to go prowling near them. It was not a very pleasant ramble. The people of the locality looked at me in a queer way, thinking in all probability that I was lost and had found myself in the vicinity of their dwellings by sheer accident. That made me feel somewhat silly and awfully self-conscious.

Luckily, however, just when I was on the point of retreating, unable to keep up my bravado under those interrogative glances, I espied an old friend of mine emerging out of one of the chawls. Instantly. I scampered towards her. After each of us had expressed mutual surprise at our presence in that spot, I learnt that she had become warden of a welfare centre and it was part of her duties to visit the chawls. "Your work must be very interesting." I remarked gushingly to the lady. "Interesting? Yes. It is interesting in a way," she replied. "It is more so in the beginning. But now it has become a routine. Calling these woman to attend classes, washing, feeding, and teaching their children, has now become a habit with me." Closing the discussion abruptly she invited me to make a round of the chawls.

Dogs, Garbage, Women!

We entered the gangway of the nearest one. I had to pass my hand over my eyes and steady myself a bit before I stepped further. It was very dark and the acrid smell of clothes soaked with perspiration, unwashed for days together, filled the passage. As my eyes got inured to the dimness I saw, from one end of the passage to the other, a long line of men huddled up in sleep, some on white sheets gone a dirty black, some on ragged pieces torn out of gunny-bags, some on the cold and bare cement floor. They were workers on night shifts.

We traversed the whole passage and got out at the other side where the bright sun gave one a vertiginous feeling. The pavement on which we stood ran around the building and was covered with a multitude of curious objects—a stray cow chewing the cud, some mongrel dogs dozing in the sun, a dead kitten, children in rags or absolutely nude, playing and fighting, heaps of cow-dung, piles of garabge; and women

Women engaged in a variety of occupations, women keeping a close guard over the tattered saris they had spread on the pavement to dry; women sitting in twos picking lice out of each others' hair or scratching each others' bare backs, women with tobacco-filled bamboo trays in their laps, rolling up 'bidis' with quick fingers, rocking themselves rhythmically to and fro while they performed the operation; women who tried to sew pieces of rags into quilts with the aid of thick, long needles; and women who stared at the road with a far away look in their eyes, absorbed in unreadable thoughts, at intervals spitting spitefully on the road as if it were an object of scorn and hatred.

All of them had one point in common. They wanted to warm themselves, wanted space to sit in and space to move about. Only in the rains do they have to forgo the pleasure of frequenting these hospitable pavements. Surely, they must be bestowing plenty of curses on the wet season. How they come to hate the rains, these villagers, driven to live in city slums!

Haunt Of Death

We entered another chawl. This one was supposed to be the worst of the lot for it was inhabited chiefly by people of a criminal tribe, the 'Mang—Garudis.' The passage, on entering, was quite similar to the one we had already crossed. "May I look into one of these rooms?" I asked the warden. "Certainly, if you feel like it," said she. Pointing to a wide open door she went on, "There lives a girl who used to attend our classes. Nowadays, she avoids attending them. Let's see what is the matter with her."

We stepped into the room, the area of which, I believe, was about eight feet by twelve feet. At the far end of it was a trellis—work window in cement. In a corner near the window was a very small cube shaped structure meant as a bathroom. On the top of this cube were piled up all sorts of unwanted odds and ends. By the pegs near the door hung three or four bundles shoddily tied up in dirty cloth. Just opposite the bathroom was an earthen 'chula' in a state of collapse, plenty of cold, gray ash piled up in it and spread around it. An earthenware pot contained some water and an enamelled tumbler with most of its enamel peeled off by merciless usage and time, lay nearby.

In the darkest corner of the room lay a woman on a thin sheet of ragged chaddar which must not have been washed for months together. When we entered she had a violent coughing fit. She weakly turned her face towards the wall and ejected the spittle. The warden waited for her to settle down and then asked, "Is your cough very bad still?" The woman was too exhausted by the fit to speak. "She is suffering from tuberculosis. Most of them do," said the warden:

"Where is your daughter?" She asked the woman. The woman touched her forehead and stretched out her palm in a gesture which indicated begging." Why have you sent her to beg again?" reproached the warden. "She had become such a nice girl in our school. We had taught her to wash her hair, to keep her clothes clean and to behave nicely. Why did she stop coming? Why don't you send her to me?" The woman did not answer. "Where is your husband?" my companion asked. The woman moved her fingers to show that she had no knowledge of his whereabouts and again lay as if in a stupor. We saw it was no use waiting there and so got out of the room. As the warden told me, these people generally beg by the day and commit petty thefts by the night. The stale food they eat and the dirty way they live give them all sorts of diseases.

Gods Versus Medicine

We reached another room. An old woman, looking like a veritable witch, sat near the door, and seemed unfriendly "May we come in?" asked the warden. The old woman moved aside just a few inches and made way. The warden took off her shoes and instructed me to do likewise. "They have a lot of gods in here," She explained. I left my sandals near the door but had not courage enough to leave them unprotected. I did not want to risk walking home bare foot. So, though I went in I kept one eye on the sandals and with the other surveyed the interior.

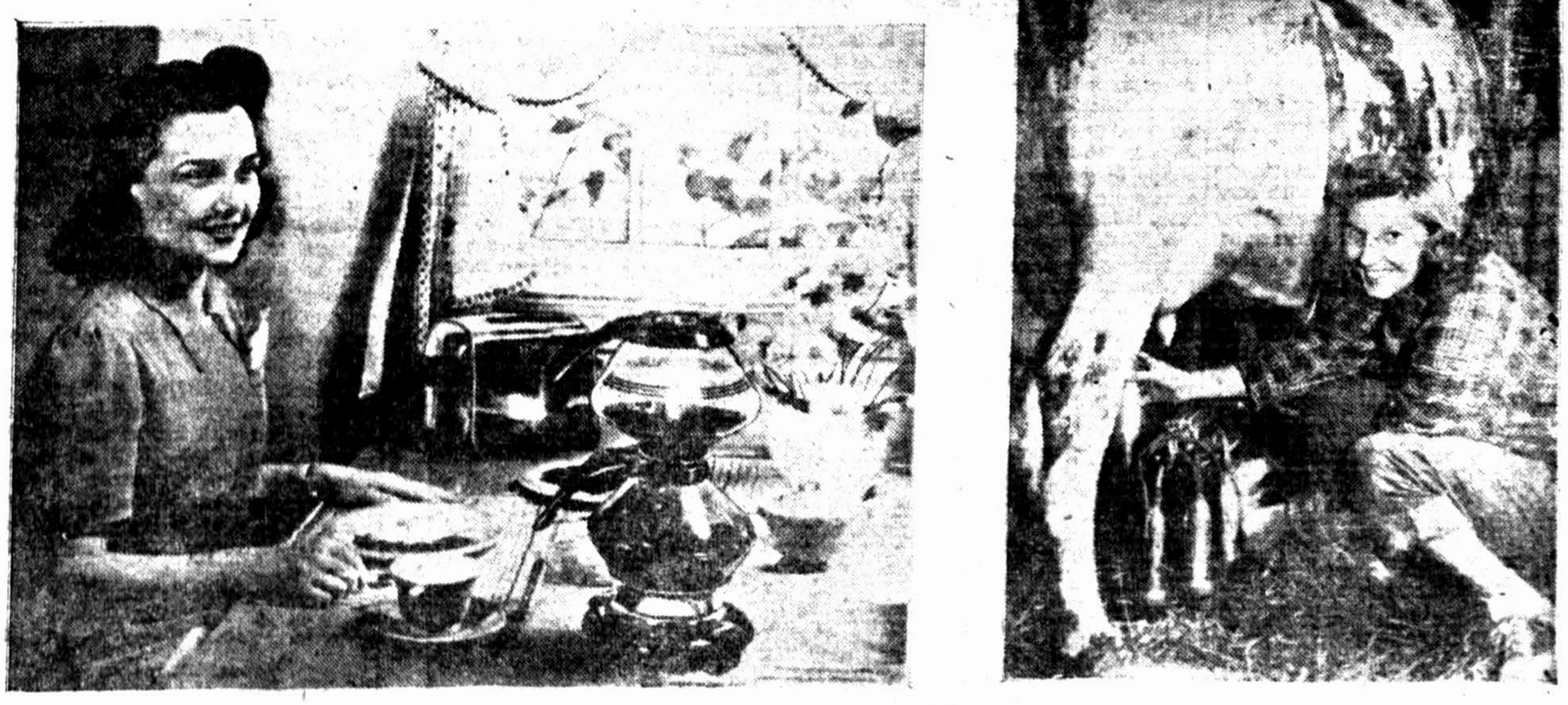
The first thing that would force itself on the eyes of any visitor was a narrow wooden plank fixed to the wall with pieces of rope. On this were ranged about a dozen brilliantly shining brass heads representing various gods and goddesses, a big white conch, a brass bell, and a bunch of peacock feathers. I immediately guessed that the terrible looking old woman must be the keeper of all those divine objects. It is the custom of such women to arrange these gods and feathers and conch and bell, in a small basket and go from door to door asking for offerings in the form of a handful of rice or a copper coin. Those who give are supposed to receive great favours from these deities and those who do not give become recepients of foul adjectives omanating from the mouth of the basket-carrier.

I never knew before where these women lived and was, therefore, greatly interested to see the gods and their paraphernalia out of its wonted basket. Inside the room a young girl was baking Bajra breads and a young mother was suckling a very small infant. A boy, about two or three years old, lay on his face on a piece of matting. He had no clothes on. His back was covered all over with running sores, in colour an indescribably filthy red, very much like the rotten pulp of a water-melon, dotted with specks of pus and the flies which greedily fed on it. The sight gave me a feeling of nausea. "His back is all in a mess. Send him to our dispensary—"

The warden's sentence hung half—spoken on her lips for the old woman by the door cried out mockingly, "Send him to the dispensary! What for? We don't need your medicines. I've already promised to sacrifice a chick to the gods. They will curse us if we use medicine. No medicine is needed in the home where there are gods. The boy's itch will be cured of itself." I found myself precipitately slipping my feet into the sandals, and the warden came out with a hurt expression on her face.

When we started on our way back she told me how she had tried to call these women to attend literacy classes and needlework classes. But the poor things were so tired after their household work that it seemed cruel to make them attend. While I listened to her lament I dreamed of reform and reconstruction—airy apartments; cheerful. Sunswept greenswards; shady trees; creches, kindergartens and communal kitchens. But suddenly, the warden gave a sharp pull to my arm to save me from stepping right into the dung-heap which lay sprawling in the midst of our path.

America Saves Time & Labour —Not Electricity!



(Left) An everyday scene at American breakfast tables. The electrically operated toaster and coffee maker prepare a hearty meal at the flick of a switch.—(Right) A youthful American farmerette shown operating an electrical milking machine, which can milk two and one half times as many cows as the hand method. More than 300 different tasks on U. S. farms can be performed by electrically powered equipment. (Photos USOWI)

American Humour Reflected In New Books

American humorous writing since Mark Twain, and before, has often had a curious blend of exaggeration and ironic undertones not often recognized except by critical readers. We still humorously exaggerate, as the English still humorously understate. Anyone familiar with the "talk of the town" department of the *New Yorker*, weekly magazine, must recognize this fact. E. B. White, who has been largely responsible for this department, lifted his irony into literature in his book called "One Man's Meat," which was the kind of informal penetrating book that Henry Thoreau, 19th Century American writer on nature, come to town might have written.

More recently, James Thurber has been given wide circulation in a collection of brief pieces called "The Thurber Carnival" and illustrated by the author in strange looping and single lined figures of men, women and dogs which seem to come, and probably do come, straight out of the subconscious.

Nothing could be more innocent than these bits of burlesque narrative in which everything that happens is absurd—and yet not so absurd when you begin to see what he is satirizing. Comparison as well as contrast with "Alice in Wonderland" is inevitable. This is harder, less urbane humour. The pictures are distressing to those who like to see human nature in noble aspects. Yet while children can read both books and enjoy them without a quiver, the adult mind sometimes shudders at what Thurber reveals. Lewis Carroll satirized ignorant authority in a class-conscious state. Thurber satirizes convention in a mass civilization.

In the last war many of us laughed heartily at the antics of the British "Old Bill" in and out of the trenches. In this war one of the best American cartoonists, Sergeant Bill Mauldin, has also been with the infantry and in the mud and the foxholes at the front.

His chief characters are ragged, rough bearded, incredibly dirty infantrymen resigned, determined, hating war but hating still more "Brass" and wellfed rear echelons and pompous officers and boasting and moral platitudes. There is much less vaudeville about them than there was with Old Bill and his friends, quite as much esprit de corps and a considerably higher level of intelligence. Nothing but sudden death or arrogance moves them to a serious word. But it is not the bright side of things they celebrate. Their line is an always puzzled but appreciative view of themselves as pretty good fellows behaving well in a mess they would never be able to explain to anyone at home.

The cartoons have been printed in U.S. Army newspapers but are now coming out in a book with a running commentary by the author in simple, ungrammatical and utterly convincing language.

This seeming naivete, with a slap of satire where it is most needed, is obviously a national trait. The best comic strips are built upon it. When it gets into literature, as it is doing increasingly, the effect is something new in a long Anglo-Saxon tradition of humour.

New Publications

Hind Kitabs, Bombay announce the publication of SCIENCE AND SOCIETY IN INDIA FOUNDATIONS OF PLANNING by Dr. Kewal Motwani, (price Rs. 3-12-0).

The book contains the lectures delivered by the Author at the various Indian Universities he visited under the auspices of the Indian Science Congress during 1944.

Hind Kitabs have also just published AKHAND BHARAT by Dr. Radha kumud Mookerji. (price As. 8/-).

URDU PUBLICATIONS

HAQIQAT-E-NIFAQ. By Sadruddin Islahi. Published by the Iqbal Academy, Zafar Manzil, Tajpura, Lahore. Crown 8 vo. Pp. 140. Rs. 1-8-0

This is perhaps the first book of its kind in the Urdu language and it deals with the various aspects of hypocrasy as noticed amongst the weaklings during the early days of Islam. The publication of such a book at the present juncture is of the utmost importance since there are so many Musalmans who are outwardly Muslim but inwardly they are not true to Islam; on the contrary, they try to harm it by sowing seeds of disruption in the body politic of Islam in more ways than one. The writer gives 66 characteristics by which hypocrites can be recognised, although it is not necessary that all these may be found in a single individual. What the author rightly points out is that even if one characteristic is found in a person he is a hypocrite in the language of the Quran. The book is sufficiently thought-provoking and has been written in a lucid style. It is worthy of a careful perusal, especially by the Musalmans for whose benefit it is primarily written. The general get-up is quite decent.

ISHQ-O-MUHABBAT. Compiled by M. S. Siddiqi, Published by the Taj Office, Muhammad Ali Road, Bombay Demy 8 vo Pp. 140. Rs. 2-8-0.

This book has been specially compiled for persons who have got less leisure but want to enjoy some of the best poetry of the Urdu language. The poems are beautifully arranged and they deal mostly with the subject of love. These poems have been called from various poets, well-known as well as such poets as are little known. But the specimens as contained in this volume are quite readable and highly entertaining. The general get-up is simply splendid.

Z. A. BARNI.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

GANDHIJI'S PHILOSOPHY

"The Mind of Mahatma Gandhi," by R. K. Prabhu and U. R. Rao, Cr. 8vo. Pp. xvi by 192. Rs. 3.

This selection from Mahatma Gandhi's scattered writings is the fruit of a dozen years' work. Short extracts are grouped in such a way that the reader gets a clear idea of Gandhiji's philosophy and of his approach to such matters as Truth and Beauty, Non-violence, Brahmacharya, Swaraj, Fasting, Socialism, Communism Industrialisation, and Indo- British Relations.

For Children

Gremlin Papers, by M. A. Paltov Price Rs. 6/8.

Published by Thacker & Co., Bombay.

This is the fanciful history of a sect of elfin creatures, 'Them Gremlins.' The Gremlins infest the war-time skies, tamper with aeroplanes, get into various scrapes, and run into many a war-time adventure. The author has woven the narrative in a manner which would interest not only children but adults also. The illustrations are excellent.

Children's Own Corner

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

"SOS"—Have you heard these three letters, and do you know what they mean? It is the best-known signal in British, perhaps world history—Nelson's flagged appeal, 'England expects....." The popular belief has translated these letters into the tragic message "Save Our Souls." The last hope, maybe, of a thousand despairing Souls, adrift on a storm-driven sea. And under conditions of war, the simple message assumes a meaning even more significant than in time of peace.

Others, again, understand the letters as meaning "Signal of Stress.' But actually the three letters were chosen as the least ambiguous combination of Morse characters that is consistent with easy and rapid transmission. Invariably an S O S is preceded by an alarm signal —a succession of twelve four-second dashes spread over a space of one minute. The chief object of this is to cater for the many ships that employ only one radio operator. In these vessels a clever invention known as the Auto-Alarm keeps watch while the operator sleeps.

A ship in distress sends out the alarm signal. Immediately an insistent buzzer sounds in the operator's quarters of a near-by vessel. The operator rushes to his instrument to pick up the S O S. which follows shortly afterwards and is repeated at intervals until answered. Only the master of the ship has authority to order a distress signal, and it has priority over all wireless messages. Even if an operator is dealing with other communications, he must interrupt his message at fifteen and forty-five minutes past the hours (G.M.T.), for three full minutes, to listen at these "silence periods" for distress calls.

Should he pick up an S O S. he at once takes note of the position of the vessel in distress, and radios the course and position of his own ship. Receiving similar messages from all other ships in the neighbourhood, the captain of the distressed vessel then asks help of one or more ships that he considers most advantageously placed by nearness, size, equipment, speed, etc., to provide assistance. This intelligence is wirelessed to other vessels that have answered the call, which are then free to proceed.

Implicit in the S O S is the compulsion to save life. But there may be other occasions besides wreck or fire for which help from another vessel may be sorely needed, as, for example, special medical attention for a passenger who is critically ill, food supplies, or even an essential "spare part" that may be urgently wanted.

* * *

Eyes are one of the most important features of the human face and are called the "Soul of Beauty," writes Brother Raza H. Mohammad (? Years) of Multan Cantt. They must be given a little regular attention in the same as hands and feet. Eyes are not meant only for seeing; they also lend charm to one's face.

Many of us go hatless in the glaring sunshine and the result is that usually a myriad of tiny wrinkles is found around the eyes; otherwise they are inclined to dripping of water every now and then. The eyes of Indian woman are glorious, dark, large and charmingly lashed. But there are many of them who do not take sufficient care. In the middle age, then their eyes become dull and sunken.

The beauty of eyes cannot be lost if one is prepared to give just a few minutes to its attainment. When tired and worn out from a hard days' work, make it a point of lying down for about 15 minutes in a glare-proof room with a pair of cotton wool, soaked in warm milk, lotion or cold water placed over your eyes. That will surprisingly freshen and strengthen them. A lotion made of boric powder is very good for the eyes and quite easy to make. One teaspoonful to a pint of water is sufficient.

The Top of a Temple
(Photo: K. Sundar Shetty, 18)

Perhaps you do not realise that your eyes are sure to get a terrible heavy look if sufficient exercise is lacking. Undoubtedly it may sound absurd to you at first; but your eyes do need exercise as your body does if you wish to keep it in good health. By standing before the mirror, and rolling your eyes from side to side, then up and down, will do your eyes a world of good.

Indians use 'Kajjal' or 'Surma' to beautify their eyes. KAJJAL is lamp black mixed with butter and SURMA is powdered black—a finest quality made of real seed pearls. Both of these have cooling properties. Lastly, we come to the eye-brows, which also should be given regular attention like the eyes.

All Good Wishes from
your loving,
Dada

"Gulistan"
Khar - Bombay 52

Children playing Kho-Kho (left) and enjoying swings (right) at the Khar Balkan-Ji-Bari

ORGANISED CHURCHES

The Real Enemies Of Religion

They Have Divided Mankind And Kept Them Embedded In Hostile Camps

That the real enemies of religion are neither the cynic nor the atheist nor the materialist, but the organised priesthood, the organised churches, who have divided mankind and kept them embedded in hostile camps and who are to be found claiming secular privileges, allying themselves with secular powers, stoning the prophets burning the heretics, persecuting the devotees of truth, entrenched behind the barricades of creeds and ruling through fear rather than through love, was the contention of Prof. P. A. Wadia made in the course of an illuminating address delivered by him at last Sunday's session of the Inter-Religious Convention held at Sundarabai Hall, Queen's Road, Bombay.

The upheaval of our times, said Prof. Wadia, calls for a new attitude and a new religion which should make us live and act in the knowledge that we belong to one another, because we have one common eternal destiny, pointing not to vengeance, nor to punishment, nor to the pride of colour or race, but to the reality of love, on which hang all the law and the prophets.

Below we reproduce important extracts from Prof. Wadia's address:

The ever lasting question comes up again, what is religion, and who are its opponents? I start with the affirmation that religion is life, and if it is life—two difficulties arise in the very attempt to define religion. Life is growth, and in the very act of defining life, it may transcend our definitions. In the second place life is the expression and manifestation of that which is unique and individual. Definition endeavours to reduce the unique to that which is common or general, and therefore destroys its essence. This life which struggles to find a unique expression in each one of us, and which we call religious, is a life whose centre is God, and for which all things else are on the circumference. If this life is a process of growth, if in other words we are not religious, but growing into religion, all of us alike, the saint along with the other one whom we often without justification call a sinner, then we might well say that the religious life is one in which God is increasingly revealed, or shall we say that the life that we call religious is the growing emergence in the processes of evolution of God's presence and personality? It is a force within the human personality which demands expression in the form of love—a sense of harmony between himself and his total environment. Even the atheist, the materialist, and the sceptic bear witness to the urge in their lives and their convictions, as much as the orthodox of every historical religion, the self-righteous and the Pharisees. The Convention which has gathered us together makes an unfortunate appeal to religionists; is this a gathering of religionists,—a word which implies an element of hypocrisy, of outward profession, of much shouting of "Lord, Lord," a species to which a majority of us might well be said to belong? And who, then, are the enemies of religion? Surely not the sincere worshippers of the things of this world, who find their heaven and earth in the possession of property or power over the matter to which their souls revert. These would be perfectly harmless creatures, so long as they delighted in things material and refrained from encroaching on the domain of souls. They become dangerous, the enemies of religion when they use their minds and their souls to deceive themselves and deceive others, and seek mastery over the world of matter by professions and acts which involve the exploitation of spiritual resources. It is significant that the cynic who despises the things spiritual requires for his success in this world the garb of the believer, very much as Plato's unjust man had to profess justice for worldly gains.

Real Enemies Of Religion

The enemies of religion are to be found not in these ranks, but among the Pharisees of yesterday and to-day When the organised Churches seek to acquire power over material possessions and obey the rule of Caesar for material ends in the name of God and as representatives of a kingdom of God, when they glorify war in the name of righteousness as they do to-day, they are the enemies to be dreaded by the votaries of a God of Love

The organised Christian Church had compromised in the past, with every conceivable form of injustice and violence. In the name of the proletarian carpenter and his twelve fishermen disciples they are even to-day sponsoring an organization of cut-throat competition, of exploitation of the colonies and of conditions which involve semi-starvation of millions. Wherever an organised priesthood is to be encountered, in the history of humanity, we shall find it claiming secular privileges, allying itself with secular powers, stoning the prophets, burning the heretics, persecuting the devotees of truth, entrenched behind the barricades of creeds, ruling through fear rather than through love. **These are the enemies of religion who have divided mankind, kept them embedded in hostile camps, and fostered a narrow parochialism and hatred of the stranger who does not worship the particular brand of the tribal god whose blessings they invoke.** The outsider is a pagan, a heathen, a barbarian, an infidel, destined to be ever beyond the pale of salvation. To-day that outsider is a German or a Japanese, not long ago he was likewise a Russian and an Italian.

What is, then, the value of religion to the individual life? The question is like asking what is the value of life to human life? Human life at its best and highest is the religious life. But, in the next place, this fulness of life for the individual involves a favourable social environment. It is essentially social—no one liveth unto himself, and no one dieth unto himself. This fulness of life is a dedicated life, a life whose essence is service inspired by love. This fulness of life is not a standardised pattern reducing us all to a common level. Where there is life, there is differentiation. What we need to recognise is that the tasks of the scientist, the painter, the statesman, the industrial worker, are all religious tasks as much as those of the priest or the prophet.

Need For New Outlook

We are living through a period of revolution. The scientific discoveries of the last fifty years have brought about a complete change in the physical and social environment in which we find ourselves, We need to-day, if we are to survive, a two-fold change. In the first place, we have to adapt our social and political institutions to these revolutionary changes. If we cannot adapt them, we have to destroy the old foundations and build anew. The old Imperialism of Great Britain and France and the new Imperialism of America have to make room for a new form of social and economic living resting on common ownership and social use In an earlier age we had a culture of commerce when the millionaire was regarded as a social asset. The new age demands a culture in which service will take the place of privileges.

And not the least imperative for the sake of survival is the need for a new outlook—a new religion, a new life. We need not put new wines into old bottles. What good can ever come out of the old churches? The self-righteous nations that call themselves Christians and talk of punishing the War Criminals need to be reminded of the figure on the Cross. They seem to give a different version of the last cry of agony and triumph—"Father, in justice do thou punish them: for they are the instruments of evil. and I am thy son." Is this to be the actual witness of the potency of redeeming love? If the religion of the future is to be a religion of love, of service and sacrifice, linking the nations of the world as members of a single family, there will be no room in it for that kind of collective security of which our Halifaxes and Churchills and Roosevelts are talking to-day, a security based upon a world apportioned amongst the nations by past conquests, where more than one half of its surface is held for the benefit of two or three powers against the needs and growing populations of other races. In vain shall we look for salvation to the expounders of our historical religions who will offer prayers to the God of our Universe to avert floods and earthquakes, but who will live their lives unconcerned by the far vaster holocaust of human lives going on all over the world, year in and year out, under a social and economic system that is unrighteous and immoral. It is unrighteous, because it involves the exploitation of the millions by the few; because it involves the deliberate destruction of the food and other resources which might have saved the lives of millions of our fellow beings.

Build The Temple Of Fraternity

The possibility of building a better world order demands not only a new institutional environment but a new outlook, a new religious inspiration, on the part of the builders. The religious approach is essentially a personal approach. The sense of corporate sin must reach home to us as ordinary individuals, in so far as we tolerate with indifference a system which involves disease and crime and poverty. Such a sense of sinning and repentance transcends our religious labels, as much as it transcends distinctions of colour and nationality. If political imperialism has degraded some of us to the condition of subject races and economic imperialism to the condition of wage slavery, there is a religious imperialism that has been equally fatal to humanity, in so far as it has divided us into the ranks of the chosen and those of the discarded.

The new religious inspiration on which alone the hopes of a future humanity can be built must have its roots in the life of the individual who, though he may be ordinarily capable of loving intensely only in a small but intimate circle, will earnestly strive to extend that love towards all men, even to those to whom he may be indifferent or hostile. "In as much as ye did it unto one of these the least of my brothren ye did it unto me." "The divine order is always ready to break into their hearts." Where two or three are gathered together in friendship the deity is present amongst them. If they add to their number deity goes on expanding: if they can include all men in the charmed circle of their friendship they have created a World God for the citizens of the world. We are born, each one of us, in an atmosphere of love and friendliness. Let us carry that spirit of friendliness into the affairs of the world and build brick by brick the temple of fraternity cultivating brotherhood from the bottom to the top of our social relations. Religion, as historically conceived, may have little to contribute to the building of this temple.

Call For A New Religion

The god of the historical religions cannot do any good to men, so long as they are estranged and kept apart one from another even by their religious labels. Heaven can only arise gradually from earthly soil; if we can honestly strive to co-operate in a spirit of friendship our God will be so near to us that we need not any longer seek for Him in a distant Mecca or Jerusalem. Where our hearts are there also will be our treasure. The god of our fathers was a tribal god incapable of helping us in our present need. He was an aristocrat, whose leadership rested on prestige and authority. We need a God who will share with us our joys and sorrows, who will join us in our daily work, who will help us in seeing that no human being is detached from a friendly group. For to be detached in this way is to be lost, as to "belong" is to be saved.

We are passing through dark times. The clouds have gathered and burst. The upheaval of our times may be a divine instrument for sweeping away a civilisation that will call for no regret if it passes away—even though it bears the name Anglo-Saxon civilisation. Nothing is gained by a mere rejection of National Socialism or Fascism. Perhaps these movements are paying off the immense debt that a pseudo democracy has incurred in allowing millions to sink into misery. The struggle calls for a new way of life that will be adapted to a collectivist society. It calls for a new attitude and a new religion which should make us live and act in the knowledge that we belong to one another, because we have one common eternal destiny, pointing not to vengeance, nor to punishment, nor to the pride of colour or race, but to the reality of love, on which hang all the law and the prophets.

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The LAST PAGE

Conducted by

CHRONICLER

Remember 'John Doe'?

Remember that poor, deluded idealist (of the Capra film) who thought he would tell his countrymen the truth he had discovered about Big Business? Remember how the wires connecting the microphones with the loud-speakers were cut by the hirelings of Capitalism and his voice prevented from reaching the people?

Remember "Mr. SMITH" who went to WASHINGTON—another Capra film? Remember his filibuster in the Senate—the epic long speech through which he wanted to expose and indict the corrupt capitalist Bosses? Remember how the Press Lords boycotted his speech and he was told after he had been on his legs for fifteen hours that not a word of his was being printed by the national Press? Remember that expression of pained surprise on his face when he heard it? Surely such a thing COULD NOT happen! That is what his silent frustrated features seemed to say. But it COULD happen, it DID happen. And it IS happening again. The John Doe or Mr. Smith in this case is—INDIA.

★

Black-Out!

Yes, the wires are cut! The national newspapers of America are in a conspiracy of silence over India. There is a complete BLACK-OUT of news about India in the American press.

This is the opinion of an eminent Scientist—not a nationalist agitator but a knight!—who has just returned from the United States after spending several months there with the Indian Scientists Delegation.

There is no dearth of newsprint in America, he says. The big New York, Washington and Chicago daily papers still come out with 20 or 24 pages issues four or five editions daily. The WASHINGTON POST comes out on Sunday morning with 120 pages. And in all these thousands and thousands of columns THERE IS NOT AN INCH SPACE DEVOTED TO INDIAN NEWS.

I can well believe it. I spent thirty days in U.S.A. in 1938. Daily I bought an average of four newspapers each of which had an average of at least twelve pages—seven columns to a page. I carefully went through all these ten thousand columns and all I found about India was one item of news, about eight or ten lines, shoved in the bottom of an inside page.

But I had imagined the war must have brought about some change for the better, some realization on the part of American newspaper editors that what happens to 400 million Indians—one fifth of world population—is also NEWS! But the situation has remained exactly the same—if anything, it is worse!

★

John Bull's Friends

According to this eminent scientist, the average American newspaper-reader, among other things, does not know...

that Millions of Indians are fighting in this war,

that Indian troops are playing a decisive role in the Burma campaign.

that the so-called Government of India has been defeated on innumerable occasions even in an Assembly which has a good proportion of Government-nominated members,

that Congress leaders are staunchly anti-fascist and that their quarrel with Britain is over imperialism and not because they are hirelings of Japan, and

that the callous apathy and bungling of the Government of India's food policy precipitated the unprecedented starvation tragedy in Bengal, causing the death of lakhs and complete destitution of many more

No, Sir, John Bull's good friend Uncle Sam is seeing to it that no such inconvenient facts reach the American public.

On the other hand the British propagandists are ceaselessly busy, receiving every possible encouragement from the Government and the Lords of the U. S. Press and Publishing Houses. According to this Scientist just back from U. S. A., the sensational revelations made on the floor of the Assembly do not tell the whole story which is still more sordid. T. A. Raman, the notorious paid agent of the British Ministry of Information is at large, getting his anti-Indian books published and widely circulated among American civilians and fighting men. And the widely-read READER'S DIGEST (circulation in millions) which has made a name for itself as a reactionary and anti-Soviet, anti-Labour, anti-New Deal journal, is coming out with an abridgment of Beverley Nichols' VERDICT ON INDIA, so that this poisonous libel on India should get the widest possible circulation in U.S.A.

★

India's Friends

But what about India's friends—Miss Pearl Buck, Dr. Lin Yutang, Louis Fischer, Syed Hossain, Sardar J. J. Singh and his India League of America? Aren't they helping to convey the voice of India to the American people? Isn't Mrs. Vijaylaxmi Pandit doing sterling work in propagating India's cause in America?

The answer is that this is a batch of sincere John Does and Mr. Smiths. But the wires are cut! An article may appear in ASIA AND AMERICAS, another in NEW REPUBLIC or THE NATION. But their circulation of thousands is a drop in the ocean of American newspaper readers who number several millions.

As for Mrs. Pandit, she is no doubt invited by various groups to address them. Her speeches are duly cabled to India and, reading them in our morning papers, we feel satisfied that our voice is at last resounding in America. BUT, while her speeches are cabled to India and published here, NO REPORTS OF THEM APPEAR IN THE BIG AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS!

But Mrs. Pandit is after all a well-known anti-Imperialist, a rebel in her own country. Even more surprising is the fact, as revealed by the Scientist quoted above, that NO SPEECHES OR ADDRESSES GIVEN BY THE MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTISTS' DELEGATION SENT BY GOVT. OF INDIA, WERE REPORTED BY THE AMERICAN PRESS! Indeed, I was told, that it became usual with the delegates to preface their speeches at all functions arranged for them with some remarks to this effect: "We know that what we say to you here is never going to be reported in the great American press. But since some of you have honoured us with your presence, we will make a few observations about India that might interest you."

The significant thing is that while their photographs were printed everywhere, not a word of their speeches! Why? Because, being true Scientists, they refused to become mouthpieces of British propaganda, and uttered a few words here and there which obviously were not relished by the Agency General in Washington.

★

Stand By, U. S. O. W. I.!

So, there you are! Or, rather, where are you?

U. S. Vice-President Harry Truman said on the inauguration of the Associated Press of America's news service in India:

"*This unbiased, impartial news service should help bridge the broad geographical gap between* 130,000,000 *Americans and* 390,000,000 *Indians and promote better understanding between them.*"

It is an excellent sentiment, Mr. Truman. But is this "unbiased, impartial news service" to work only one way? The Indian press is being flooded with U.S.O.W.I. stuff, besides the despatches from the two American news agencies—Associated Press and United Press! What are we getting in return in the American press? Or are we just suckers'?

We will revert to this subject next week. Meanwhile, U.S.O.W.I., the Associated Press of America and the United Press of America, please stand by!

★

A Dream Comes True

When the curtain went up last week on the premiere of Prithvi Theatres' stage production of SHAKUNTALA at Opera House, a fifteen-year old dream came true.

It was on the stage of this very Opera House that Grant Anderson, an English stage enthusiast, produced a number of Shakespearean plays. In his cast was a handsome, tall, athletic young man who had left college after a brilliant academic career to join films, and after waving about a wooden sword in several 'filmasterpieces' of that early period, had transferred his allegiance to the stage. The Bard of Avon's resonant phrases were like heady wine to the young actor and as night after night, to houses that were full and houses that were empty, he played Antony, Shylock, Macbeth, Othello, he developed a fascination for the stage that was to last a life-time.

Grant Anderson's company was not a financial success and the young actor often was without salary for months But even when the pockets were empty his heart was full of optimism and faith in his own future. Night after night, as he went on the stage at the Opera House he was telling himself: "One day I myself will produce plays on this very stage and fill the house to capacity and thus revive and revitalize the drama tradition in India."

★

Prithvi And His Theatre

That ambition was fulfilled last week and one can imagine what the feelings of Prithviraj Kapoor must have been when the curtain went up for the first time on his maiden production. It was the consummation of the long-cherished dream for which he ceaselessly worked for a decade and a half. Rising to the heights of film fame, he yet never forgot that youthful fancy for the stage. And, alone among all film stars, he put his "Boom" period earnings into creative mission—by starting a modern stage producing company—PRITHVI THEATRES! Before the curtain went up on SHAKUNTALA, a lakh of rupees from Prithvi's earnings (he insists they are not 'hard-earned'!) had gone into the six-month long preparations for the spectacular production.

Opinions are bound to differ as to Prithvi's choice of subject for his first production. So far as this writer is concerned he can no longer be enthused over the "splendour that was India" business. Moreover it is obvious that Kalidasa, notwithstanding his immortal fame, was a poor dramatist though an incomparable poet and master of lyrical phrase. His "SHAKUNTALA" has few dramatic moments and inspite of the most impressive production values that Prithviraj has given it, the play lacks 'grip.' Finally, the stage-production is bound to be compared with the screen-version and no stage can stand competition with the wizardries of camera and sound-track that Shantaram has used to make his picture interesting—and so phenomenally popular.

But Prithvi has an ambitious plan to follow up SHAKUNTALA with a number of modern plays. Two of these I learn, are soon going into rehearsals—DIWAAR (The Wall) and ZEENA (The Staircase). Both are down-to-the-earth representations of contemporary life though I am not permitted to divulge the themes.

Uzra

Working in close collaboration with the People's Theatre (of which he is himself the Vice-President), Prithviraj Kapoor is laying the foundations of a renascent, modern Indian stage. He has collected a group of enthusiastic and earnest-minded youths to work with him—including three of his children.

One of the most interesting personalities in his company is UZRA MUMTAZ who plays the title-role. She has the rare distinction of having been selected to play the lead in two important plays, one after the other—People's Theatre's ZUBAIDAH and Prithvi Threatre's SHAKUNTALA.

Coming from a well-known and prominent U. P. Muslim family,

(Continued on Page 13)

THE WIRES ARE CUT!

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS..

Humorous Skit
By
Dr. Hiranmay Ghoshal

"You never can get wind of what is there in the wind."—was the subject of discourse chosen by my friend Komarek who had just blown in when we had been cudgelling our brains as how to make two quart bottles of beer go round among three equally parched throats.

"Pour out half a bottle for each, you fatheads, and don't bother about the fourth half."—he suggested and deftly did the dealing-out with the dignified gesture of a major-domo. He smacked his lips after a non-stop draught of full two minutes obviously hurrying to remove from our sight the half a bottle of contention. "A bit parky here, isn't it?"—he continued regained his breath—"The cold gives you a greater thirst somehow. Looks like snowing in Bombay. I thought you fellows had been joy-riding on ice-bergs at Juhu. So had to pack up my troubles in my old kit-bag, and come."

Komarek unfastened his kit-bag and produced about a dozen sheets of MS, crumpled and mud-besmeared with odd numberings such as 159,342,89,27 etc., adding—"This is all I rescue of my volume II of war impressions, finished only yesterday. The rest of it is gone with the wind."

* * *

"Looks like a shipwreck! Don't say you wanted to sneak away to the United States with your MS with the object of giving the income-tax officers the slip, eh?"—one of us commented knowing full well Komarek's sensibilities to bailiffs, book-lenders, money-lenders, income-tax officers and chaps who are apt to remind him of his odd debts of six or nine inches of gin. "You're not far wrong, my dear boy,"—Komarek averred—"I was on my way to the Censor's office to get the MS put across to my publishers in the States, when this happened, in a taxi-cab! I lost 374 typewritten sheets of my MS within five minutes, that is, more than anybody had ever lost at Monte Carlo within so short a period."

"Don't say!"—we had to sympathise. I mean, after all, he had been working away at his book like the legendary nigger for months, which totally disabled him from attending to his social duties, leaving a bare margin for his social rights such as that of being invited to a cocktail party, which, incidentally, he joined simply because he did not wish to be marked out as a-social.

"Yes Sir!"—Komarek affirmed—"And this is how it happened:

"I had to forgo my breakfast typing out the last ten pages or so in my bed, as my land-lady Mrs. Da Costa, a costly lady and a regular school-marm at that, wouldn't have such excesses in her respectable household as meals served in a bachelor's bed-room by her chocolate doll Rosa. I was in an awfully bad temper, and on top of that just fancy confronting a cold day on a hungry stomach!

As soon as I produced my jolly old mug out of doors I felt someone slapping my cheeks with nasty cold hands which sent queer shivering sensations down my spine. A sensation, I instantly recalled, known as feeling cold in certain parts of the world, and which I had already begun to associate with the sensation of tasting an ice-cream, you know, cool and balmy and refreshing. But as it was, I waited by the roadside tap-dancing and my teeth chattering away like a telegraph-buzzer, vainly looking for a taxi my MS clenched fast in a withering hand while the other hand held a newspaper which announced 'SIMLA BURIED UNDER THE SNOW, LAHORE SUNK DOWN TO BELOW ZERO.'

* * *

"It was all right. Let the others have it. But Bombay behaving like that was a regular surprise to me. A nasty trick I call it, particularly because I gave away all my warm clothing to a fellow who sailed for Iceland the other day. I was in my ducks and half-sleeve shirt, which was all I had retained counting upon Bombay's temperance in the matter of temperature. I puffed away at my pipe trying to build a sort of smoke-screen around my corpus. But it was no good. I blew out whole mouthfuls of smoke, curls, circles and all sorts of shapes, but the faintest whiff was at once collared by the wind and carried away like an autumn leaf, the wind gaily whistling like a policeman off duty. A jaunty, impish sort of wind with which I was absolutely unacquainted.

"Talking about winds, I might as well tell you that there is hardly any variety that I am not thoroughly familiar with. I know the trade wind, a well-balanced elderly fellow, the Mistral, fickle and moody like the Southern Frenchman himself, the Typhoon with puffed-up cheeks like a Chinese god, the Bengali cyclone, emotional and desultory, the Sirocco, perspiring and fanning himself like an Algerian in his coffee-house; the North Italian Bora, dashing from the Adriatic like Dracula sweeping you off your solid flat-feet, tweaking your nose and ears with his ice-cold bony fingers and threatening to kick you out into the sea while you hold on to the protective hand-rail fast as Death; the Halny of the Polish Tatry Mountains, warm-blooded like an African, blowing out the snow from mountain backs; the Monsoon of the Indian Ocean brisk as the centre-forward of a socker-team; and the South wind known as Malayan in Calcutta which tiptoes into your room on a sultry summer night and kisses you to sleep.

"These are only a few of my acquaintances in the wind family. With all my knowledge of their windy ways I couldn't spot the fellow, pottering about in the streets of Bombay, whistling to himself in a holiday mood like a beau, occasionally toying with the colourful skirts of Goanese girls. He tugged at my MS once or twice to snatch it away from my hand. And failing to do so jumped on to a neighbouring tree and shook a shower of dry leaves on my head. Then when eventually I succeeded in catching the eye of a taxi-driver by making myself conspicuous, skipping and throwing my arms about like one escaped from a 'home,' and the taxi-cab drew up at the kerb, that fellow must have quietly let himself in and sat next to the driver.

* * *

"Bombay is full of saloon taxis, but the one I captured that day was a 1913 model, a tincan on four wheels with a bit of oil-cloth over your head. It made a terrific fuss about itself like a steam-roller, groaning its way up the hill at Pedder Road, then it broke into a jog-trot from Kemp's Corner. The speed was anything but break-neck, but judging by the gusts of wind that puffed into your face, you had the impression that your vehicle was fitted with a couple of aeroplane propellers. I must point out here that I was entirely unconscious of the presence of the fellow seated next to the driver.

A sudden gust lifted my hat from my old nut and was about to carry it away when I rescued it by firmly putting my foot down on it. Then when I was busy struggling with my head-gear another blast blew away the Egyptian cigarette which I had enkindled for a change. Funny the gust always came from the left-hand side front seat. Next it was my pince-nez, taken off my trunk (not prehensile mind you) and dropped on my lap. Then it was my stick or the five-rupee note which I was getting ready for the driver, with a tug or two at my MS which had been steadfastly clasped in a file.

"As I was approaching Flora Fountain it suddenly struck me that in my hurry I had forgotten to write the title-page to my book with my own name and address and all that. 'Had I or had I not?'—I debated with myself. Well, if I hadn't, it was all right, but if I had, then I had better ask the taxi-wallah to turn back. 'Why not open the file and make sure?'—some windy voice whispered into my ear. 'That's it!'—I said to myself—'Why not make sure?' With this I snapped open the file, and... ho-o-o-o-o-o comes the final blast which had been kept ready for the purpose.

And patter, patter, patter fly the typewritten sheets off the file. The taxi-wallah had an eye on the five-rupee note which he thought would be a pity to change, and had given full gas to his machine at the bend of Flora Fountain, running full tilt at some imaginary windmill. The sheets of my MS began to fly out in all directions. All my shoutings and implorings were in vain. No, the taxi-wallah was not going to stop the car in the middle of the road, nor indeed at the bus-stops. Who would attend the Police Court? Not he! He could stop at Marosa's if I liked, but not before that.

* * *

The sheets in the mean-time had been steadily flying out and doing all sorts of tricks in mid-air. This and my incomprehensible (because I was stammering at the top of my voice) shouts obviously gave the impression to passers-by that I was some novel advertisement agent scattering hand-bills in a demonstrative fashion to catch the public eye. And didn't they respond? All and sundry stopped and waited to catch a flying sheet, and finally capturing it briskly walked away trying to get the hang of what it was all about.

"By the time the taxi drew up my file was swept clean. I jumped out and began to importune the passers-by for help, promising my kingdom and all that. But I was in the heart of Bombay's business quarter and I certainly didn't look a multi-millionaire. People making 500% profit during the war wouldn't give my offer a thought. So they placidly went their way. That breezy wind who had accompanied me in my taxi and obviously had also alighted, was now giving a sort of rope-trick with my MS. The sheets rose in a column whirling and twirling round and round as high as the third floor, then fluttered in all directions and gently floated down.

"My frantic appeals for help, however, moved a number of coolies huddling together around an itinerant tea-vendor. They became quite active in rescuing whatever there was left of the contents of the file. They ran about and waited for a sheet to float down. But if it was a sheet written upon, they just gave it the go-by and let it fall into the gutter. And let it be a clean unspotted sheet they caught it all right with the adroitness of a cricketer, and hurriedly brought it to me, counting the number and calculating the baksheesh in their minds. Didn't they know that the price of paper had gone up twenty times more than that of wheat, rice and cloth?

"At the end of the incursion I succeeded in rescuing fifteen sheets of my MS, and my help-mates managed to collar about a squire of clean sheets without the slightest stain of ink or ribbon on them!"

(To Be Continued.)

And patter, patter, patter fly the typewritten sheets off the file...

"This fish doesn't seem very good."

'That's strange, sir. It's off the same fish as you had last Tuesday.'

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Here are a few interesting photographs taken at a recent passing out parade of WAC(I) recruits held at the Ahmednagar Training centre. (Left) Col. Lloyd Jones takes the salute at the march past, another view of which is seen below.

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WAC(I)S STEP OUT

Under the shadow of the fortress of the warrior queen Chand **Bibi at Ahmednagar,** in the heart **of Bombay Presidency,** is a training centre where girls from all **over Southern and** Western India **are enthusiastically** preparing **themselves to play their** part in **the country's defence.**

Opened a few months ago, this **Inter-Services W.A.C.**(I.) Recruits **Training Centre bids** fair to inherit **the traditions** established **by the courageous** queen of the **Deccan.**

It has its own R.I.N. Section, called **H.M.I.S. Jahanara** after the famous **Mogul** princess and officered by members of the W.A.C. (I.) Naval Wing. Here recruits to the Naval Wing, in their smart Service uniform, received three weeks' preliminary training before they proceed to H. M. I. establishments for instruction in important duties ashore as cypher operators and coders, confidential book correctors, etc. They have comfortable quarters and mess rooms, while ample facilities are available for recreation.

Girls' Ship Is On Land!

H. M. I. S. Jahanara—which bears a ship's name in accordance with Naval custom—was recently visited by Vice-Admiral J. H. Godfrey, Flag Officer Commanding the Royal Indian Navy. Accompanied by the Commandant of the Centre, Senior Commander J. M. Worthington, and Third Officer M. Hildrith, of the W.A.C. (I.) Naval Wing, he inspected all sections of the Centre.

In an address to the auxiliaries, the Admiral emphasized the vital nature of the duties they would perform for the R. I. N., and pointed out the value their training would be after the war, especially in civil employment.

(Left) Members of the Afghan Military Mission chatting with a member of the Women's Royal Indian Naval Service after **the parade,** which they witnessed. (Right) WRINS of H.M.I.S. Jahanara—the Naval Wing of the training centre—form up in front of one of Ahmednagar's historic buildings.

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